

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1338.—January 22, 1870.

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LETTER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1864. — Dear Madam: — I have been shown on the file of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming; but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavements, and leave only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours, to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

To Mrs. BIXBY, Boston, Mass.

We have before us "Poems by William Wilson, edited by Benson J. Lossing," and just published at Poughkeepsie by Archibald Wilson, a son of the author. Many of our readers will remember Mr. Wilson as a Scotchman by birth, a resident of Poughkeepsie, and a man of fine literary tastes, and himself addicted to literary pursuits. Many of the poems in this collection, and by no means the least pleasing, are in the Scottish dialect. The contents of this little volume are creditable to the author's memory. They show a native poetic sensibility, and no little skill in the art of poetry. The versification is unconstrained and fluent, and the expression often graceful. The following song, in which the writer personates Richard the Lion-hearted during his imprisonment, is more spirited than any of the ballads of Aytoun:

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Brightly, brightly the moonbeam shines
On the castle turret wall;
Darkly, darkly the spirit pines,
Deep, deep in its dungeon's thrall.
He hears the screech-owl whoop reply
To the warder's drowsy strain,
And thinks of home, and heaves a sigh
For his own bleak hills again.

Sweetly, sweetly the spring-flowers spread,
When first he was fettered there;
Slowly, slowly the sere leaves fade,
Yet breathes he that dungeon's air.
All lowly lies his banner bright,
That foremost in battle streamed,
And dim is the sword that in the fight
Like midnight meteor beamed.

But place his foot upon the plain,
That banner o'er his head,
His good lance in his hand again,
With Paynim slaughter red,
The craven hearts that round him now
With coward triumph stand,
Would quail before that dauntless brow,
And the death-flash of that brand.

N. Y. Evening Post.

THE DEAD YEAR.

THE ivy over-shines the wall,
Her purple poison berries shed;
Ash-clusters blacken to their fall:
The year is dead!

A flock of amber, in the cloud
That swathes the east, is dawn and light!
And day, that gloom and mist enshroud,
Makes welcome night.

As one who, seeing life depart,
Ponders the wonder of our lives,
So, at the dead year's feet, my heart
Strange thought revives.

I think of one, a blossom set
Shining amid the snows of years;
Sweet in remembrance, in regret,
Even in tears.

I see the bright rose of her face
Flushed with the tender flush of youth,
And murmur, amorous of its grace,
"Blue eyes for truth."

Blue eyes — the summer sky less blue —
They were my rapture, my despair;
I knew them bright, and felt them true,
Blue eyes that were!

Again I watch the cloud that lends
The future all its rainbow dyes;
Again its veil the Phantom rends
And rapture flies.

The anguish of each winter day
Comes back into my heart anew;
The charms death could not steal away
Once more I view.

And in the wailing of the winds,
The moan of branches swaying bare,
Again my soul re-echoed finds
Its own despair.

The ivy over-shines the wall,
The berries of the ash are shed;
Under the holly's coronal
The year lies dead!

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE JEWISH REFORMATION AND THE
TALMUD.

THE unswerving fidelity with which the Jews have clung, through every change of age and fortune, to "the tradition of the elders" (Matt. xv. 2), has hitherto proved the most stubborn obstacle to their reception of the Christian faith. What, therefore, shall be said when the loyalty of centuries is at last growing cold and feeble? What omen is to be drawn from the fact that the Rabbis of credit are rejecting the most venerable usages of their race in the presence of approving congregations? What, in a word, is to be thought of the multitudes of devout and enlightened Israelites who with one consent are denying the authority of the Fathers, and are appealing to the Bible as the only rule of life and doctrine? This was the key-note of the great Protestant Reformation, and it is somewhat startling to hear it sounded amongst a people, the stern conservatism of whose traditions has always been supposed to be far removed beyond the reach of change, and who have regarded the controversies of eighteen hundred years with indifference or disdain.

For a Jew to gainsay the authority of his Talmud is only second in enormity, perhaps, to the rejection of the Tridentine decrees by a Roman Catholic. A wonderful revolution must have taken place in religious thought and feeling, before such a departure from orthodoxy could occur without insuring the prompt and vigorous correction of the offender. In the case of the Israelite its magnitude will be best appreciated by reflecting for a moment upon the time-honoured claims which the Talmud makes upon his obedience.

Dating from the Captivity — stretching backward from Babylon along an unbroken chain of living witnesses up to Sinai itself, and reaching forward through a thousand years of laborious interpretation — this mysterious book, rich with the accumulated wisdom of centuries, presents itself to the Jew as the unwritten Law received from the mouth of God, and delivered by Moses to the elders of the people.* It is composed of two distinct elements, called respectively

the Mishna and Gemara. In the time of our Lord it had not yet been committed to writing, but it was the scrupulous and fantastic adherence to this traditionary code that brought down upon the Scribes and Pharisees the withering rebuke of "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" (Matt. xv. 9); and again, "Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition" (Mark vii. 9). If any vindication of this censure were needed, it is to be found in the Talmudical injunction (Horoyes, p. 2), "If a man does anything in opposition to the Law by the order of the Rabbis, he is not to be blamed." About the year 200 A.D. this hereditary deposit of oral teaching was drawn up into a code under the name of Mishna, and was thenceforward appealed to as an authority superior even to the Law of Moses. Lest this statement should be thought to be an exaggeration, it is well to quote the book itself in illustration of its lofty claims. "The covenant," it says (Gittin, p. 60), "which God made with the Israelites, is only for the purpose of their carrying out the Oral Law."† And again (Iroven, p. 21), one is cautioned to be more careful about the Rabbinical teachings than about those of the Bible.

But the taste for interpreting and developing did not rest here. No sooner was the Mishna put forth than it became in turn the groundwork of fresh commentaries. And thus the Gemara sprang into life. The materials for this supplemental work having been carefully collated and sifted towards the end of the fifth century, it was added to the Mishna; and both together, under the name of Talmud, became to the Jew "the magic circle within which the national mind patiently laboured for ages in performing the bidding of the ancient and mighty enchanters who drew the sacred line beyond which it might not venture to pass."‡ Poetical as this description may sound, it will not be found to overpass the truth, when it is remembered that the teaching of the Talmud has for long

* This statement is supposed to derive support from Exodus xxxiv. 27, "Write thou these words; for after the tenor of these words I have made a covenant, &c., where the Hebrew expression is, "Upon the mouth of these words," referring, as the Rabbis say, to the Oral Law.

† Milman, "Hist. of Jews."

* This is the account which the Talmud gives of its own origin in Beroches, p. 4.

centuries been inseparably bound up with the life of the Jewish people; and that as there is nothing too great, so there is nothing too small to receive the due amount of legislative forethought in its exhaustless pages. A bare-recital of the table of contents would in itself be enough to fill a volume, and would be found to travel through every conceivable relation of civil, religious, and domestic life. It is a book to which a Jew may turn in any emergency — always provided that he has learning enough at his command to master the composite language in which its wisdom is enshrined — with the assurance that he will be leaning on an un-failing guide. The variety and minuteness of its precepts will leave nothing for private judgment or imagination to supply. All is arranged for him by authority that, falling something short of the plenary inspiration of Holy Writ, has nevertheless been regarded by devout Israelites of all ages as invested with the direct approval of the Almighty Himself. He has nothing to do but to listen, and he will be directed as to the hour at which he should rise in the morning, the way to wash and dress, the time for devotion and food, the method of cutting bread, grace before and after meat, what prayers are proper to be said before eating various kinds of fruit, what is to be done in case he has swallowed a mouthful without first saying grace, ablutions before and after meals, and the spirit in which he should carry on his daily business. And then, passing on to the crown of all Jewish observances — the sanctification of the Sabbath — he will be specially cautioned as to what kind of work a Gentile may be permitted to do for him on that day, how to conduct business on it if he happens to be in partnership with a Gentile, what he is to do with letters brought to him on it by a Gentile, how he is to spend it on board ship, how food is to be provided for it, at what hour on Friday evening the Sabbath begins, the time of lighting candles, how to sanctify the day over a cup of wine, and what sort of wine is proper to be used, the exact number of meals to be eaten and of prayers to be said on it, what may be spoken or carried, and how to avoid all possible profanation of the day. His Feasts and Fasts, as might be expected, are each in turn surrounded by enactments

of such microscopic minuteness as to bar the occurrence of eventualities that have not been thought of and provided for. The smallest ceremonies are fenced and fenced with a jealousy that has foreseen all attempts at evasion; and the Israelite finds himself involved in a network of legislative definition that checks the first quickening of private and independent judgment.

His alms-giving also will be found to partake of the general rigidity of the rest of his daily life. He will see that he is compelled to be liberal whether he likes it or not, and, should force be necessary, men may lawfully rob him of his goods for a charitable end. How much he shall give, and how he shall give it, are carefully defined; and while it is not permitted to him to accept alms from a Gentile in public, he may receive money in private without scruple or scandal. His very dress is matter for legislation; and he will find that conformity to Gentile attire is strictly forbidden, while he may neither cut his hair nor build his house after any but an Israelitish pattern. Neither may he look into a mirror for more than a moment, lest he should be seduced into thoughts of vanity; and for the same reason he must not use dyes or pull out even a straggling grey hair. Then as to his food, besides the things forbidden in Scripture he will be confronted with a formidable list of prohibited articles of consumption, together with an almost interminable catalogue of ceremonies to be observed, even in the case of clean animals and fowls, before they can be safely presented on his table. The qualifications of the person who kills them are carefully enumerated, as also the kind of knife that is to be used, the way in which the blood is to be covered on the ground, together with a complete description of the process of searching the lungs, liver, heart, and intestines. Next he will be instructed as to the rules to be observed in salting and soaking butcher's meat preparatory to cooking. Milk and eggs have their own separate enactments, special care being taken that neither should come from unclean animals or fowls, and in the case of the latter that there should not be the smallest appearance of blood in the yolk, and that if laid on the Sabbath or a holiday

it should not be eaten until the day after. Then, again, his bread must not have been baked by a Gentile; and his wine is held to be defiled by a Gentile so much as touching the cask or bottle, if it is not sealed. As to the disposal of his money, he will find himself bound down by an inflexible law against all practices that may ever so remotely lead up to usury. Even when money has been lent to a Gentile, he will be counselled as to extreme moderation in the rate of interest, and will be warned that the forbidden usury includes even flattering speeches, or the performance of a light task in order hereafter to obtain assistance for himself in a heavier one. Lucky and unlucky days for the transaction of business are noted; and he will be cautioned against commencing anything fresh on Monday or Wednesday, while he must on no account think of marrying during the last quarter of the moon. In the event of any dispute he will be strictly prohibited from having recourse to Gentile courts for judgment, and will be referred to the three men in every congregation who are deputed to settle all quarrels. He will see himself written down as "wicked" if he perversely dares to violate the precept. Vows of all imaginable kinds come in for a share of attention, and cases in which they are allowable or forbidden—as also what is to be done in the case of rash or injurious promises—are carefully defined. Matrimony has its special ordinances, and the inquiring Israelite will be told that he ought to take a wife at the age of thirteen years, and that after eighteen years the Almighty laments over his condition every day. He will also learn that he has not fulfilled the first commandment, "Be fruitful and multiply," unless he has at least a son and a daughter; and that if his wife dies, he must marry again, even in extreme old age. So important is this injunction declared to be, that, to find money to carry it out, he is permitted even to sell the scroll of the Law, which may be parted with for no other purpose, even though it were to provide bread for himself when starving. In the selection of a wife he is forbidden to marry a woman whose husband has died childless, and who has not gone through the ceremony of "taking off

the shoe," as also one who is of questionable character, or who has ever remained alone in a room with a Gentile man, the imputation being that she must of necessity have been defiled. Then he will receive full and specific directions as to the terms of the marriage-contract, and will learn that the amount of the dowry to be given to his intended wife is fixed at two hundred *zooz*, which is equal to £5 of English money; and so strict is this preliminary condition of wedlock held to be, that he is bound to sell even the coat he wears to fulfil it. The ring also will be found to have its own enactments. It must be of pure gold, without any stone in it, and must be bought out of the bridegroom's own money, and be shown to the ministers of the synagogue for their approval. Divorce, though permitted, is fenced around with scrupulous minuteness. The writing must be on parchment, and must include the names of the man and woman desiring to be put asunder, of the town, of the river (if any), of the day and month, and of the year. If a single letter should be incorrect—as, for example, if of the two Hebrew *k's* the wrong one should unluckily be used—if the parchment is not of the prescribed size and shape, or if there are more or less than twelve lines on it, the divorce will be irregular. When this has been drawn up under the sanction of three learned Rabbis, and has been attested by two qualified witnesses of unblemished character, a ceremonial is appointed for the husband, in accordance with which he must deliver it to the woman, who has to place it in her bosom with a specified movement of the hands and arms. The slightest variation in any of these particulars will render the divorce null and void. Then, passing on from weddings to funerals, our Israelite will find himself obliged to follow every dead body that is carried out to burial among his people, the least allowable distance for accompanying the corpse being four yards; and he is cautioned to be very sober in his demeanour, and not to talk in the presence of the departed about anything that does not strictly concern the funeral. If he be a descendant of Aaron (a Cohen), he will be surrounded with special safeguards for avoiding contamina-

tion with the dead, and will be warned against so much as entering the gates of a cemetery where Jews are buried. Rending his garments on the death of a blood relation is enforced by the example of King David (2 Sam. xiii. 31), and it is defined that the rent must consist of a narrow slit of the length of the thumb. For a father or mother it must be cut on the left side, so as to be near the heart, and all the body garments must be slit in the same manner, down to the shirt. For more distant relations the outer garments only need be rent, and the slit will be on the right side; but in all cases the operation must be performed standing, according to the same example of the holy king, of whom it is written that "he arose and tare his garments." Visiting the sick is strictly enjoined upon all classes, special time being prescribed for the due discharge of the duty. Thus, for example, the visit must not be paid during the first three hours of the day, because the sickness is not then so severe, and the visitor may not think it necessary to pray for the sufferer; nor yet during the last three hours of the day, for then the sickness is heavy upon him, and the presence of a stranger may be burdensome.

It is further laid down for our Israelite's guidance, that the visit is altogether incomplete unless prayer is said, and the petition must be made to include all the sick among his people throughout the world. As to tithes, he will be told that they apply only to the land of Canaan, and the surrounding countries where the chosen people used to dwell, and that their obligation has entirely passed away. Nevertheless, he will be encouraged to set aside a tenth part of his earnings for distribution among the poor. Dreams have their own peculiar ordinances, and he will be warned to fast, even on the Sabbath itself, if he shall have been unfortunate enough to dream (1) that the scroll of the synagogue was being burnt, or (2) that he was taking part in the concluding prayer appointed for the day of atonement, or (3) that his teeth were dropping out, or the ceiling of his room was falling upon him. He will, further, find full and explicit directions about giving and receiving of presents, about articles lost or found, and as to what things he must cause to be "cried," special care being observed in all cases that no reward, direct or indirect, is accepted for restoring anything to its owner. The treatment of his servants, and some stringent prohibitions against trafficking, in ever so remote a manner, with stolen goods, or lending himself to the designs of spies and

informers, will bring to a conclusion the onerous summary of his duty.

Such is a shadowy outline of some of the subjects that are dealt with in this wondrous book, as by an authority that no orthodox Israelite can venture to question or disregard. Although the Talmud steadily ignores the existence of Christianity,* its silence has not availed to save it from the doom of heresy. It has been proscribed and burnt a hundred times and more, but this was by its enemies. It has survived to be denied by its friends. This is, in reality, what is now being done by the reformers among the Jews. They have raised the standard of revolt against immemorial tradition, and, using as their rallying-cry, "Ye shall not add unto the Word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish aught from it" (Deut. iv. 2), they absolutely reject the Talmud as an authoritative guide. They do not consider that its requirements and prohibitions are binding upon any man's conscience; and as to expansions or "fences" of the law (as they are technically termed), they hold themselves free to accept as much or as little as they please.

It will be time enough further on to inquire whether the disregard of tradition on the part of the Reformers is merely a covering which thinly veils rationalistic speculations, or whether it is to be hailed as pointing to a genuine revival of religious thought. Meanwhile, it ought to be stated, as a strong point in their favour, that though the force of the Talmud has been invariably acknowledged, it has never been formally accepted by either a general or special council of the nation. In this respect, therefore, a reforming Jew stands at an immense advantage over a protesting Roman Catholic, that he is not flying in the teeth of the decrees of his Church.

In proceeding to examine into the leading characteristics of the modern Reformation movement, it is necessary to bear in mind that, since the revival of letters, infidelity of one type or another has largely prevailed among educated Jews. From Maimonides down to Spinoza there has always existed a small, but compact, school of rationalists, whose aim has been to make the interpretation of the Law subservient to the investigations of later science. Their efforts, however, have not been allowed to pass without protest, and at this day there are in Poland and Galicia bodies of Jews

* A notice is usually prefixed to each volume, setting forth that certain epithets which are applied to the nations of Canaan are not to be understood as referring to Christians.

called Khasidim ("Saints"), who hold that any one who studies the writings of Maimonides and his followers must inevitably be tending towards infidelity.

Without attempting to trace the course of sceptical feeling through centuries of secret influence, it is enough to say that Mendelssohn, who lived about eighty years ago, is claimed as the father of the modern line of thought, and that reforming principles found their way from Germany to England some thirty years since. The seed seems to have fallen into congenial soil, for the body of Reformers soon arrived at proportions which emboldened them to separate from the Orthodox, and to build synagogues where they worship according to an amended ritual of their own. Hardly a congregation can now be found that does not number amongst its many followers of the new doctrine—generally, it is said, the most enlightened and richest members of the community. So rapid, indeed, is the progress of the movement, that some of the strictest adherents of ancient usage are constrained to admit that the entire conversion of British Jews to reforming principles is an eventuality that cannot be very long delayed. A change of the most searching and comprehensive character, which threatens to influence some sixty or seventy thousand of our fellow-subjects in this country alone, on matters which are immemorially bound up with their distinctive faith, must surely claim an interest far beyond the limits of Israelitish thought and feeling.

In order, therefore, to gain some idea of the force and direction of the reforming movement, it will be well, in the first place, to watch its effects upon public worship. Here, of course, we are likely to see it at its best, and, at the same time, run the least risk—as it owns no written law of its own—of being misled by the passions or caprices of professors.

The Reformers, as they are seen within the walls of the Synagogue, seem to have spared no pains to sever their form of worship from that of the Orthodox by broad and strongly-drawn lines of demarcation. Identity is not only damaged but destroyed. Thus for example:—

1. They have changed the hours of public service, which have always been most reverentially observed. The Rabbinical Code prescribes certain prayers to be said not later than 8 A.M. in summer, and 9 A.M. in winter. Without discarding these from their worship, the Reformers use them at what hour they please.

2. The Orthodox prayer-book contains

certain prayers, called *Piyutim*,* which are appointed to be used on holidays, and occasionally on Sabbaths. They are of comparatively modern origin:—that is to say, the most ancient of them may be some 700 or 800 years old. The Reformers have not only swept them away, as being without authority, but ridicule their stricter brethren for clinging to their use.

3. Words of Chaldee are mingled with Hebrew in some prayers of the Orthodox. All these are carefully eliminated by the Reformers, ostensibly on the ground of their not belonging to the sacred language, but really—it is to be presumed—because they are not understood by the congregation. It is well known that the Reformers would be inclined to use English in their public worship, were it not for the sake of foreign Jews, who are perpetually coming over, and to whom it would be as unintelligible as Chaldee itself.

4. The Reformers not only transpose prayers but they curtail them in points which are distinctly ordered by the Talmud, and alter the form of expression. This is notably done in the case of one of the most important of all, the *Adon 'Olam*, which is held to have been fixed by Ezra and the men of the Great Synagogue. The Reformers insert two verses, descriptive of the attributes of God—a practice which is severely censured by the Talmud, as speaking too much about the holy name, and using flattering words.

5. Since the disuse of sacrifices, consequent upon the destruction of the temple and the fading away of the Aaronic priesthood, the Talmud orders as a substitute that the passages of scripture relating to the particular kind of sacrifice in hand, should be publicly read in the congregation. Thus, for example, instead of the *Burnt Offering*, the chapter relating to it is read as a lesson. The Reformers omit the chapters; but say a short prayer, which is also used by the Orthodox. The significance of the omission will be better understood when it is borne in mind that devout Israelites keep up the remembrance of this and many other rites, which can no longer be fulfilled to the letter by the dispersion, in order that they may thoroughly comprehend their duty when their Messiah comes to lead them back to their own land.

6. To the prayer of "the eighteen blessings" (*She-monah 'Esreh*) fixed by Ezra, and the men of the Great Synagogue,

* In the case of the Hebrew terms which occur in this article, the Oxford mode of writing has been followed.

another has been added by succeeding Rabbis—viz., a denunciation against slanderers. The Orthodox are very strict about its use, but the Reformers, consistently enough with their anti-Rabbinical feeling, have struck it out of the prayer-book.

7. Very important prayers (called *Wehu Rakkum*) are appointed to be said on Mondays and Thursdays in every week, whereas the Reformers use them only on the ten penitential days—i.e., from New Year to the Day of Atonement, and even then they are not said in full.

8. Every day in his life the orthodox Jew is bound to recite Psalms 145 to 150 inclusive, while Psalm 145 must be said thrice a-day. The Rabbis teach that whoever does this with regularity insures for himself the happiness of the future world. This practice is altogether disregarded by the Reformers.

9. Two prayers for the Rabbis and students of the law, dead and living, which have been used every Sabbath in every country in the world since the prayer-book was fixed, are rejected by the Reformers on the ground that they are written in Talmudical language, and not in pure Hebrew, and also because they do not deem it necessary to pray publicly for the Rabbis in the synagogues. They respect their own ministers, and honour them individually to a greater extent, perhaps, even than the Orthodox; but they acknowledge as little feeling of veneration for the sages of bygone generations as they do for living teachers that do not belong to their own school.

10. A prayer for the martyrs, that God would give rest to their souls and avenge their blood, is also omitted by the Reformers. But it ought to be said that in Germany this prayer is disused by *all* Jews, except on the Sabbath before the anniversary of the Destruction of Jerusalem (the 9th of Ab), the Sabbath before Pentecost, and the last day of every holiday, when prayer is offered for the departed, on which occasions it is read. In common with the Orthodox, the Reformers pray for the dead, though the form of words is entirely different. In treating of prayers for the departed, it may not be out of place to mention that, before the conclusion of "the eighteen blessings," every Jew is bound to say a prayer by way of preparation for his own death. It is held that immediately after his funeral the angel of silence knocks at his grave with the exclamation, "Wicked one, what is thy name?" This is the first step towards punishment. If the deceased is able to repent a verse of blessing out of

the Bible which begins and ends with the first and last letter of his name, he has answered satisfactorily, and has escaped present peril. This is the verse which he recites constantly during life, so as to be sure to remember it when wanted.

11. The Orthodox, before reading the "Hallelujahs" on New Moon and festivals, use the introductory words, "Blessed art thou, O Lord, who commanded us to read the Hallelujah." To this preface they attach the greatest importance, believing that whatever the Rabbis have delivered is, as it were, inspired by God; but the Reformers omit it on the ground that the precept is not Biblical, and that therefore it is an irreverent use of God's name. These "Hallelujahs," which are always read completely on festivals, are not read completely on the six latter days of the Passover holiday, because the first of these is the anniversary of Pharaoh's destruction in the sea, and the Rabbis hold that if they were used it would look like triumphing over fallen enemies. The Reformers are troubled with no such scruple, and read them all through the Passover.

12. Every Sabbath the Orthodox call up eight men from the congregation to read the law on their behalf. The first man summoned is a descendant of Aaron (a Cohen), who, though ever so poor and illiterate, takes precedence of the richest and most learned man in the congregation. Next comes one of the tribe of Levi, and then the most highly-esteemed man in the synagogue, which in England invariably means the wealthiest, but on the Continent the most learned. As they are called up they leave their place, and, having reverently kissed the scroll, they stand while a certain portion is read to them by the minister. This is done because they are in many cases unable to read, and, even supposing that they are able to do so, it prevents ignorant people being put to shame. The theory is that they are receiving the law on the part of the congregation, as of old their forefathers received it from the hand of Moses. This is a very solemn and impressive part of the service.* Among the Reformers, the warden takes the roll from the ark and hands it to the minister, who reads the portion for the day without calling up any of the congregation. Then, again, when the roll is brought out they recite the Ten Commandments, which the Orthodox do not, and

* Some of the rules about "calling up" are curious. Thus, for example, no man is to be summoned to hear a chapter that might cause him offence—i.e., an adulterer must not hear passages relating to his sin, a thief about stealing, and so on.

they read the portion in monotone instead of singing it to a tune, which the Orthodox uphold as an inheritance from Moses.

13. The Pentateuch is divided into fifty-one or fifty-six portions, according to the number of Sabbaths in the Jewish year, within which period the whole of it must be read through. This practice is supposed to rest on the authority of Ezra, and is therefore regarded by the Orthodox with the profoundest veneration. When the whole is completed—and the portions are so arranged as to finish with the last day of the Feast of Tabernacle—a day is added to what would be called, in Christian language, the Octave of the Festival, called *Simkath Torah* ("Rejoicing of the Law"), and is intended to be expressive of feelings of congratulation at having been spared to hear it all. Upon this occasion all the scrolls which the synagogue may possess are taken out of the ark, and men are called up, each of whom carries a copy in his arms seven times round the pulpit or reading-desk in which the ministers stand, singing as they go, and, in Continental countries, dancing as well. The "Rejoicing of the Law" is entirely disregarded by the Reformers—though they read the Pentateuch through in the same period as the Orthodox—and their shops are somewhat ostentatiously kept open, while their stricter brethren are observing it as a close holiday.

14. The Reformers attach the highest importance to sermons and lectures, which until lately had fallen into general disuse among the Orthodox, who receive little or no public instruction that can fairly deserve the name. A better feeling, however, seems to be springing up amongst them, and occasional sermons are now delivered in most congregations.

15. Among the synagogue services may be reckoned the anniversary of a father and mother's death, which orthodox Jews keep up with much solemnity. If it should happen that there is no public service on that day, they are careful to provide that at least ten men shall be collected to form a congregation, and prayer is then said for the departed. This is seldom omitted by even the laxest and most irregular; but the Reformers repudiate the practice.

As to feasts, the custom of Orthodox and Reformers seems to be at one in respect to days and observances, with this exception—the Orthodox keep a second day at the beginning and end of Passover, Pentecost, New Year, and Tabernacle, because in pre-Talmudic times there was a difficulty in deciding which the exact day should be, according to the moon. This was partly

caused by the Samaritans, for * "while the Jews were in the habit of communicating the exact time of the Easter moon to those of the Babylonian captivity, by fires kindled first on the Mount of Olives, which were then taken up from mountain-top to mountain-top—a line of fiery telegraphs which reached at length along the mountain ridge of Auranitis to the banks of the Euphrates—the Samaritans would give the signal on the day preceding the right one, so as to perplex and mislead." It was customary, therefore, to observe two days for the avoidance of a mistake, and the Talmud recommends that "the custom of our ancestors should remain," even though the day is accurately known. This double observance the Reformers entirely repudiate, and from the serious obstruction that it causes to business, most, even amongst the Orthodox, would not be sorry to see it swept away.

Amongst the Passover observances it is specially ordered, and on this point the Orthodox are very scrupulous, that every Jew should keep a set of saucepans, crockery, and tableware that are to be used only during the eight days of the feast. To poor people this involves a heavy outlay; but it is patiently borne for the sake of immemorial usage and a strict compliance with the requirements of the celebration. The Reformers have no such custom, and use their ordinary vessels without scruple. In Exodus xii. 19, it is said, "*Seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses;*" but, true to their instincts of "fencing," the Rabbis have added two days more—viz., the one which is appointed to be observed on account of the moon, and the day before the feast, beginning at 9 A.M., when *all* bread, whether leavened or not, is forbidden till the Passover cakes are eaten at night. This is, of course, rejected by the Reformers, who would naturally see in it nothing but a vexatious addition to the written word. The expression "*found in your houses*" has furnished ground for laws that would fill a volume, and the Rabbis have fairly exhausted their ingenuity in the construction of all conceivable interpretations that the words can be forced to bear. But great as is the anxiety shown by British Jews in the purgation of leaven from their houses, their foreign brethren completely outdo them in zeal for the observance of the commandment. One example will suffice. A man who deals in anything that partakes of the nature of leaven—as bread, spirits, beer, and so on—is bound

* Trench on Parables, p. 312.

to sell his entire stock to a Christian before the commencement of the feast. This injunction has long been a dead letter in England—if indeed it was ever carried out in its integrity—but most Continental Jews recognize the precept, though a convenient method has been devised, which enables them at once to satisfy their conscience and save their goods. The expedient is so thoroughly characteristic of the subtleties to which Rabbinical casuistry occasionally allows itself to descend, that the process is worth recording. A spirit merchant, let us say, has goods to the value of a certain sum on his premises. The first thing to be done, in anticipation of the Passover, is to draw up an accurate inventory of his stock, which must not only include every article, but must also set out its value. This being completed, the merchant calls in a poor Christian from the street, and causes a contract to be drawn up according to the form prescribed by the Rabbis in which it is covenanted that he lets him the premises and sells him the entire stock-in-trade, valued at such-and-such a sum, for so much money. The Christian, it is needless to say, is not provided with the cash, nor is it intended on either side that he should become a *bond fide* purchaser. The point to be aimed at is that the goods should not stand in the merchant's name during the feast. So he gives a small piece of money to the pretended purchaser, which is immediately returned to him, and a clause is inserted in the contract to the effect that the florin or thaler is a pledge of the intention of the Christian to complete the bargain; and meanwhile it is agreed that the stock shall stand in the buyer's name, although of course he is not to be permitted to move it until he has brought the purchase-money in full. To such pitiful shifts as these are Israelites driven by the requirements of their Rabbis!

The Day of Atonement is an exception to the rule of duplication, and appears never to have had more than a single celebration. The Talmud supports the practice on the ground that increase in duration would be a burden, on account of the severity of the fast and the rigour of penitential exercises. The Reformers have cut down the service of the evening before this day to about a fifth part, and the same may be said of the morning service of the day itself. Then, again, in the old established service, when the point is reached where it is said, "When the priests who stood in the court of the temple heard the majestic and awful name of the Lord, as pronounced by the High Priest, they bent the knee and prostrated

themselves, and they exclaimed," &c., all the congregation, including women and children, drop first upon their knees, and then fall at full length upon the ground. This occurs three times during the service, but the reformers entirely omit this very expressive ceremony.

The most solemn and imposing of all the synagogue services takes place on the evening before the Day of Atonement, when the function known as *Col Nidre* ("all the vows") is performed. The Rabbis hold that the full benefit of the Day of Atonement is only experienced by those who have been released from all the vows which they may have omitted to fulfil during the year, and to insure the discharge being properly made, a service has been established for the purpose. The *Col Nidre* is repeated three times, and so important do the Orthodox believe it to be, that everybody comes to the service, and Jews who seldom enter a synagogue upon other occasions, are sure to be seen in their places to join in this solemn prayer. The Reformers entirely omit it from their devotions. Another important exercise which is performed on the Day of Atonement only, is the public confession of sins. The Rabbis have established a prayer for this purpose, which contains an enumeration of all sorts of sins, arranged (1) in *single* alphabetical order, and (2) in *double* alphabetical order. At the mention of each sin the congregation strike their breasts. This is repeated ten times, at the rate of a hundred blows a time, so that an orthodox Jew will have struck his breast a thousand times in the course of the service. This is altogether done away with by the Reformers, who neither specify the sins nor beat the breast, but content themselves with a very general reference to their transgressions.

The service for New Year's Day is cut down by the Reformers to about a quarter of its original length, and the part that remains is largely interpolated with prayers of their own composition. The number of times prescribed by the Rabbis for the trumpets to be blown on this festival, in compliance with Leviticus xxiii. 23, is seventy-two; whereas the Reformers content themselves with six. Then again the Talmud is exceedingly minute in its directions as to the way in which the trumpets are to be blown. For example, the trumpet must be sounded so many times for *Tek-iah*, so many times for *Teru'ah*, and so many times for *Shebarim*, each of which has its own separate significance, and its own peculiar note, like the bugle-calls of a regiment. The Reformers do not sound the

Shebarim, and they have so greatly reduced the other blasts as to make only six in all. Neither do they prostrate themselves upon the ground like the Orthodox.

Then, again, on New Year's day, the Orthodox go in a body to the sea-shore, or to the brink of some convenient water, and say, "He will turn again, He will have compassion on us, He will subdue our iniquities, and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea" (Micah vii. 19), together with some suitable prayers. The observance of this ceremony often exposes them to great ridicule, and is entirely neglected by the Reformers. Even the orthodox Jewish newspaper is in favour of abolishing it.

On the anniversary of the destruction of Jerusalem, meat and wine are both forbidden for nine days previously, but the Reformers disregard the injunction. Many even of the Orthodox are becoming very lax in this observance.

Circumcision is performed by the Reformers on the eighth day, though the service is a compilation of their own.

Amongst religious duties at home, the Orthodox hold that *grace after meals* — which is supposed to be of greater importance than the invocation *before food* — not only rests upon Biblical authority, but they are exceedingly scrupulous in using the very form of words prescribed by the Talmud. To this they attach the greatest weight, and a man who habitually neglects his prayers, will be careful not to omit his grace. While retaining the practice, the Reformers have cut down the words to about a fourth of their original dimensions, and the same may be said of the night prayers which are appointed to be used on retiring to rest. Before returning thanks for food, it is customary in some Jewish families to remove the knives from the table. This is done as a piece of traditional usage, and no further explanation could in most cases be obtained, beyond the remembrance that their fathers did it before them. The real reason of this observance is, that the Israelitish grace after meat includes a prayer for the restoration of Jerusalem, and so bitter is the thought of departed glories, that the Talmud enjoins the removal of all instruments with which suicide might be committed in a moment of mental agony. The Reformers would take up an ordinance like this, and ridicule it as a sample of Rabbinical handiwork. And not without some show of reason, as it would seem; for whatever aspirations a Jew may cherish of a corporal return to his own land, he manages to bear

his banishment with tolerable equanimity. However strictly he may be enjoined to check his laughter when the remembrance of the city of David rises uppermost in his mind, it must be confessed that neither its past nor future glory is any serious hindrance to his establishing himself in ease and plenty amongst the people with whom he may chance to dwell.

Abbreviation, then, it will be seen, is one of the leading characteristics of the Reformers' devotions, while in the composition of entirely new prayers they have brought themselves under the full force of the Talmudical censure, that "he who disents from the ways of the congregation, and those who throw aside the yoke of the commandments from the neck" (meaning the Rabbinical traditions) "*are not included among Israel.*" For such an one it is directed that there should be no week of mourning solemnly observed, but that, on the contrary, when he dies, it is the duty of the faithful to eat, drink and rejoice. In the presence of these and similar direful threats it may comfort the heart of Reformers to know that the Talmud is, in reality, more merciful towards their backslidings than it would have them believe, for in another place (Megilla, p. 13) it is distinctly affirmed, that "as long as a man acknowledges the one God, he is entitled to the name of Jew."

And here it will be necessary to advert to another, and — to the general reader it may be — a more interesting branch of the subject, in illustration of the points where reforming principles diverge from orthodoxy.

The ancient Rabbis not only interpreted the law, but in their anxiety for its scrupulous observance, surrounded it with "fences" of bewildering minuteness, which, in process of time, came to be regarded with the same amount of veneration as is paid to the inspired writings themselves. It would not be going too far to assert that in a number of instances the original precept has been altogether lost in the maze of fence-work with which it has been surrounded. Most of these "fences" constitute what are, in reality, fresh laws, though they profess to be merely such supplementary and exegetical injunctions as have been rendered necessary for the better keeping of the old precepts. The authority of the "fences" will be better understood from the words of the Talmud itself, which affirms (Megilla, p. 19) that "God showed to Moses all the words, all the laws, all the commentaries, which the sages throughout the whole world,

and through all time, would establish"—meaning, of course, that He approved of them. The "fences" enter so largely into the spirit of a Jew's religion, that an attempt to break them down is almost equivalent to destroying some of the most cherished characteristics of his race. It is repeatedly said in the Talmud that if a man deliberately breaks even the smallest "fence," his portion is that the serpent should bite him. In one place (Kedushen, p. 40), the public violation of a Rabbinical precept is called profaning God's name; so that, if a man cannot help breaking an injunction, he is ordered to go to some place where he is not known, and disguise himself so that he cannot be recognized as an Israelite.

But the wonderful transition through which the Jewish mind is now passing will be more easily understood by the consideration of a few examples.

In Exodus xxiii. 19, occurs the prohibition, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." See also Deut. xiv. 21. According to the Talmud the "kid" represents *all* kinds of flesh, and "his mother's milk," represents *all* milk; while the expression to "seethe" stands not only for boiling or roasting, but for eating or gaining any benefit from it. Out of this interpretation arises the "fence" that it is unlawful to eat any kind of meat and butter or milk together. And not only so, but an orthodox Jew is bound to wait six hours in Germany, and three in England, between the two (if the meat has been first partaken of), to allow for thorough digestion. If, however, butter or milk has come first, an interval of a few minutes will suffice.* The whole of this is repudiated by the Reformers, except the bare Biblical precept, and they would go so far as to cook even a kid in milk, provided it did not come from its own mother.

Next, as to the precept in Numbers xv. 21, "Of the first of your dough ye shall give unto the Lord an heave-offering in your generations," the Rabbis have "fenced" it by enacting that not less than a twenty-fourth part of the dough must be given by a private individual, while a baker must offer a forty-eighth part. Whether these quantities are actually observed it would be hard to say; but what is done is this—a lump is torn from the dough when the bread is made at home, or broken from the loaf if it is bought at the baker's, and thrown into the fire. The Orthodox are very strict in doing

this every Friday and holiday-eve, and the women make the offering (khalah); but the Reformers ignore the observance, on the ground that it belonged only to the land of Canaan. This is all the more remarkable, on their own principles, since it is said, Ezek. xlv. 30, "Ye shall also give unto the priest the first of your dough, that he may cause the blessing to rest in thine house;" but the Reformer would probably justify his omission of this plainly-ordered duty on the ground that there are now no priests to whom the offering can be made.

From Exod. xvi. 23, where it is said, "To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord: bake that which ye will bake to-day, and seethe that ye will seethe, and that which remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning," the Talmud concludes that cooking is not allowable on the Sabbath. But the Reformers altogether deny this, and perform their cooking as usual. Many, however, of the Orthodox are gradually coming round to the same practice, and even among the strictest of their party tea is made and drank on the Sabbath, though most of their Continental brethren would indignantly repudiate the practice as an unworthy walking after the steps of the Gentiles. Many even of the Orthodox go so far as to allow a Christian servant to *warm* meat for them on the Sabbath that has been already cooked! Then, again, by way of further "fencing" the sanctity of the day, the Talmud forbids a stick to be carried on it, because the act seems to be *creating* a support—another leg as it were—or an umbrella to be opened, because it would be like erecting a tent to guard against sun or rain. How far these last two precepts are observed amongst the Orthodox in England it would not be easy to determine; but the Reformers are unanimous in treating them with a contemptuous disregard.

As to the wine which is used on the Sabbath—a strict Jew would consider himself defiled by partaking of any which had been touched by a Christian, though, in a curious freak of inconsistency, he is ready to drink beer or spirits without scruple. The wine for public service, and for use in the families of the Orthodox, is made by boiling down raisins and straining off the juice. The Reformers laugh, of course, at all this, as also at the Rabbinical prohibition which forbids the pulling out of a fly from any vessel into which he should have had the misfortune to fall.

All kind of business is not only unlawful on the Sabbath, but the most remote approach to any worldly occupation is included

* Even different vessels must be used for meat and butter—e.g., saucepans, plates, knives, &c.

in the prohibition. By way of closing the smallest loop-hole of escape against a nation who have ever shown themselves specially apt for trade, the Rabbis forbid them even to touch money, notes, bills of exchange, bonds, or any kind of security on the Sabbath. In a matter like this, which affects some of the deepest instincts of their nature, there is, as might be supposed, a considerable variation of sentiment, even amongst those of the stricter sort, and the prohibition would seem to be of local application. Thus, for example, in certain towns of Poland there are Jews who would sooner lay down their lives than touch money, or anything that represents its value, on the Sabbath, while in others no such scruple exists. In England great laxity prevails in cases where no public scandal is caused, and the growing disregard of Rabbinical ordinances is tending to foster a taste for handling money on the sly.

The disappearance of other time-honoured "fences" marks the advance of the modern Reformation. Combing the hair is forbidden, lest a hair should be torn out and work be done. And so is winding up a watch, and paring the nails, and walking fast, and bathing, as well as a number of other things, which many even of the Orthodox, encouraged by the example of the Reformers, are learning to disregard. Riding and driving on the Sabbath have always been held to be allowable, provided that the beast is the property of a Gentile, from the fact that the prohibition only extends to "*thy cattle*" — to that, namely, which actually belongs to an Israelite. As a matter of practice, however, a Jew of the stricter sort will not ride or drive on the Sabbath, out of deference to the Rabbinical precept which forbids the indulgence, on the ground that it may possibly become necessary to cut a stick to beat the animal, in which case the sanctity of the day will have been violated. A Reformer would hardly be likely to feel a scruple about riding or driving on the Sabbath, even when the carriage and horses were his own. Another point on which the Reformers differ widely from the Orthodox in their treatment of the Sabbath, lies in their disregard of the Talmudical precept which forbids a Jew to walk more than 2000 yards from the limits of his town or city, though he is permitted to walk in the streets as he pleases — always provided that his pace is slow. This would, of course hinder all kinds of Sabbath travelling, whether by coach or railway. So strict, indeed, is the prohibition that an Israelite would not be allowed to violate it, even in the case of a parent's sickness. Shipboard is an excep-

tion, supposing that he has eaten his Friday night's meal in the vessel. Reformers not only travel on the Sabbath, but go pleasure excursions, and attend places of amusement. They are to be seen in theatres on Friday night; and so prevalent has the custom become, that many of the Orthodox are giving way.

The prohibition against eating blood, founded on Levit. xvii. 14 — "Ye shall eat the blood of no manner of flesh; for the life of all flesh is the blood thereof: whosoever eateth it shall be cut off" — would be recognized by Orthodox and Reformers alike, though the latter disregard the injunctions by which the precept has been fenced. Thus, for example, when the meat has been killed according to the prescribed form, and cut up for use, the purchaser is bound to soak it for half an hour in water, after which he must allow it to lie for an hour in salt. If the operation of salting is performed at night, one candle is not enough, but two at least must be used, to insure a proper light. All this is done lest any trace of blood should remain; but the precautions are rejected by the Reformers, who cook their meat without any preliminary purification, as soon as it is bought, and make no scruple even of partaking of the hind-quarter, which is always held to be unclean, on account of the sinew in Jacob's thigh which shrank — Gen. xxxii. 32.*

Mourning for the dead is another matter in which reforming practice differs widely from traditional usage. From Amos viii. 10, where it is said, "I will turn your feasts into mourning," it is contended by the Rabbis that as a feast lasts for *seven* days, so also must the period of mourning. So when a blood relation dies, the mourners sit upon the ground, without shoes on their feet, and entirely abstain from business, pleasure, and even washing. They are not allowed to shake hands, to offer a greeting, or to kiss a child. Their sole permitted occupation is to read the book of Lamentations, or Job, and certain chapters in the prophet Jeremiah. But inasmuch as one of the feasts — Pentecost — is observed for a single day only, it is ordered that mourning should not extend beyond that period in a case where the death of a blood relation has been heard of after the lapse of thirty days. The Reformers reject the week of mourning, and, consequently, expose themselves to the denunciation of the Talmud, which pronounces all who fail to observe it "infidels."

* The same may be said about veins, which the Talmud orders to be cut out with great care. The Reformers, in company with three-fourths of the Orthodox, are indifferent about the matter.

Not that the severest of the Orthodox (as has been seen) are by any means free from censure in the matter of Rabbinical observances. Without going the length of Reformers in their rejection of Talmudical laws and "fences," they practically allow themselves a very wide licence in determining the limits within which their obedience may lie. In other words, they do on a small scale, and to suit their own convenience, what the Reformers do on a large scale, and in pursuance of a fixed principle. While clinging with a somewhat ostentatious reverence to such precepts as they deem to be of paramount importance, they allow others which rest on precisely the same authority to fall into disuse. Thus, then, while professing enormous veneration for the precepts of the Talmud as the hereditary and enduring interpreter of God's will, they, in reality, are becoming a law to themselves, and show that they set up their own opinion above all teaching.

And here it may not be amiss to point out some leading particulars in which the Orthodox have, equally with the Reformers, betrayed the traditions of their Church. This is all the more remarkable, because it will be found that some of the neglected precepts rest on Biblical authority, backed up by the almost exhaustless interpretation of the sages. Thus, for example, it is distinctly ordered in Levit. xix. 19, "Neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woollen come upon thee." Nothing can be plainer than the prohibition; and yet the same Jew who would as soon lay down his life as eat pork, allows his cloth coat to be lined with cotton-stuff and sewn with thread. Ignorance ought not to be pleaded, for the Rabbis seem to have exhausted their ingenuity in the enormous additions which they have made to the prohibition. So relentless are they in anything approaching to sinful compliance, that they forbid an Israelite even to sit or lie on such mixtures; and they counsel that if one Jew meets another in the street wearing the unlawful compound, he should publicly strip it from his back.

Then, again, as to the redemption of the first-born, it is curious to note how a Biblical ordinance is rapidly fading out of sight. Resting on Exod. xiii. 15, and other passages, it appeals to the Israelite with all the force of a divine command. And yet it is neglected equally by the Reformers and the Orthodox, multitudes of whom allow their children to grow up in ignorance of the precept. What is required of them is as follows:—Thirty days after the birth of her first son, a woman who is not a daughter of Aaron (a Cohen) or Levi, and whose

husband does not belong to this family or tribe, must bring it to a descendant of Aaron, who need not be a Rabbi, but may for the purposes of this ministration be a marine-store keeper or general dealer, and the father says, "This is the first son to its mother, and the Law says that it belongs to the priest, or else it must be redeemed." The Cohen then asks, "Will you give me this child, which really belongs to me, or will you redeem it with the 30 shekels commanded in the Law?" The father replies that he elects to redeem it, and immediately tells down the money—14s. 9d. according to our currency. The Cohen then blesses the child, and some prayers follow. This rite is celebrated with great ceremony by the few who remember its observance. It should be added that if the father neglects to redeem the child, he is bound to redeem himself when he grows up; and if he fails in his duty, the Rabbis of the town must perform it for him.

The study of the Law, and the copying the scroll of the Law, fare no better than this last injunction. Most English Jews are so ignorant of the principles of Hebrew, that they would find it a very difficult and uncongenial task to read their Scriptures in the original tongue. The consequence is, that anything like a careful study of them is entirely neglected, and cases could be cited even of Rabbis, presiding over important congregations, who have not read the prophets in ever so cursory a manner. The knowledge of the sacred writings is chiefly picked up from the services of the synagogue, and is often not only fragmentary but exceedingly inaccurate. Thus it comes to pass that numbers of Jews who occupy a decent station in the world, have little more than a vague and hazy knowledge of the immortality of the soul, and of future rewards and punishments. The whole of their religion may be said to consist of a few observances to which they devote themselves with superstitious punctuality; and then, for the rest, as no child of Abraham can, on Jewish principles, be finally lost,* why should they disquiet their minds about doctrines which they have neither the learning nor the intelligence to understand?

All this would of course be remedied if their Scriptures were properly studied. But they are not; although the wisest men of their nation have prescribed not only that every man should teach them to his son,

* It is the Jewish belief that Abraham watches by the gate of hell to examine all who may enter in, so that it may be seen whether they bear in their persons the mark of the covenant which God made with him, in which case he turns them back.

but that it should be his aim to have pupils as well, who are to be taught free of charge. The beauty of this injunction is somewhat marred, it is true, by the provision that if pupils come to a teacher's house he may take payment, not for the lesson, but for the use of the room and furniture; and that if the teacher goes to the house of the pupils, he may make a demand for loss of time and shoe-leather. Still, in spite of unworthy subtleties like this, the grand work of studying the Law is solemnly insisted on; and by way of enforcing the duty, the Rabbis affirm that a house in which study does not go on by night as well as by day will be burnt down; and that a man who gives up study on account of riches, will end by giving it up on account of poverty.

Copying out the scroll of the Law is founded on Deut. xxxi. 19, from whence it is maintained that every Jew is bound to write out the Pentateuch with his own hand. Hardly any one ever does this, and it is said that amongst the Jews there is only one living man who has accomplished the task. Nevertheless, the command is very strictly enforced by the Rabbis, and there are multitudinous laws relating to every stage of the operation. The materials out of which the parchment and ink are to be made, the width of the piece, the space between the lines and also between page and page, and the way in which the sheets are to be stitched together, are all carefully noted, as is also the manner in which the roll must be lifted up and laid down, and the frame of mind in which the copyist must work, if he desires to be credited with the full merit of his labour. No man is exempt from this duty, even if his father shall have bequeathed him a copy; but Jews of all classes regard its omission with much composure.

Nothing, again, can be plainer than the Biblical ordinance, Deut. xxiii. 19, "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of anything that is lent upon usury," and yet it would be difficult to mention any command that is more systematically broken by Israelites. The word "usury," it ought to be mentioned, does not merely represent what is technically known amongst ourselves by the term, but includes every kind of return, whether extortionate or not.* The Jew is forbidden to accept anything in requital of a favour, and the obliged person ought not even to say "thank you." The act of kindness must be performed with clean hands, and with no expectation of

some future reward. Nay, further, gratuitous lending to the needy is, by the spirit of a Jew's religion, not only set before him as a counsel, but urged home upon him as a duty. So remote indeed must all feeling of self-interest be kept from the transaction, that the wisest Rabbis warn him not to press for repayment, nor so much as to show himself before the debtor, lest he should be put to shame. Lending is declared to be a higher duty even than giving, and offering good advice is held to be the same as lending money. All this, and much more to the same effect, is laid upon the Jew by the most venerable authorities of his race; and yet Orthodox as well as Reformers seem to be agreed in treating its observance as obsolete. Eagerness for gain exhibited time out of mind by Israelites has given point to taunting proverbs in more than one European nation, but they have invariably found shelter under the authority of Scripture—"unto a *stranger* thou mayest lend upon usury" (Deut. xxiii. 20), where the Hebrew runs "*thou shalt*"—turning the permission into a positive command. Christians would have been all the more ready to acknowledge the soundness of the plea if they had shown proper alacrity in observing the other half of the precept,—"*thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother.*" Interest, however, is not only taken one from the other, but often under circumstances which make it nothing short of cruelty and oppression. Downright shame may hinder them from measuring out among themselves the same excess of rapacity which they mete to Christians, though veneration for Scripture is not strong enough to check the temptation of turning a brother's necessities to their own profit.

But conformity to the habits of the nations amongst whom they dwell, though it is forbidden by Scripture and denounced by the Rabbis, is perhaps, after all, the most curious exemplification of the manner in which Jews of all shades of opinion have departed from the usages of their race. Except in countries like Morocco, where a distinctive dress is ordered by law, Israelites of both sexes show a remarkable eagerness for falling in with the newest fashion. They share the amusements, the follies, and, it is to be feared, the sins, of those with whom they mingle. Save in a few restrictions about food and the observance of the Sabbath and holy days, it would be hard to determine how a Jew of unimpeachable orthodoxy differs from the Gentile population whom, on his own principles, he is bound to avoid and abhor.

* See above.

If there is one point more than any other on which the heart of a Jew has ever thrilled with pride, it is in the remembrance that his nation is "a people of inheritance" (Deut. iv. 20), "a peculiar treasure" (Exod. xix. 5), "a special people" (Deut. vii. 6); and that God had "chosen them to be a *peculiar people unto Himself* above all the nations that are upon the earth" (Deut. xiv. 2). The hours of Israel's deepest darkness have been cheered by the thought that God has still separated them for His own glory, and that it was a visible token of their adoption that they neither mingled among the heathen nor learned their works (Ps. cvi. 35). What, therefore, is to be said of the astonishing rapidity with which they are now sliding into Gentile customs? And this, be it observed, is not merely in trivial points of conventional usage, but in matters which lie at the very root of their national existence. This will be better seen by a few examples taken from daily life.

1. As to *names*.—Immemorial custom, founded on Talmudical precept, compels every Jewish child to bear a Bible name, or one, at all events, which is of pure Hebrew origin. This is on no account to be paraphrased into the language of the country—as, for instance, Johanan must not be converted into John, but must be the actual Hebrew appellation. And yet Henry, Charles, Isidore, Maurice, Ernest, Albert, William, and a host of other Christian names, are now becoming so common as almost to form the rule. Even when a Bible name is given, the English equivalent is sure to be adopted. Apart from the remarkable tendency towards Christian usage, there is this serious drawback to the modern system, that when a man is "called up" in the synagogue to assist at the reading of the Law, he must be summoned by a Hebrew name, which, of course, he cannot truthfully answer to. In the case of women also the venerated names of Sarah, Esther, Leah, Rachel, and so on, are rapidly falling into disuse before the more favourite Kate, Eliza, Fanny, Frances, Mary, and the rest.

2. As to *language*.—Until about fifty years ago all the Jews throughout the world spoke a language which was known as Jewish-German; but they have long since learnt to adopt the tongue of the nation among whom they live. Hebrew is, in reality, a dead language; and the Jewish-German, which some of the elder generation may still be able to understand, they are ashamed to speak. Even in the synagogue the sermons are entirely in the

vernacular. This is all the more astonishing when it is remembered that to have uttered a single Christian word within the sacred walls would, a few years ago, have been held to be an abomination. Now English and nothing but English is used in all except the fixed forms of prayer. Even Rabbis of distinction use the vernacular in correspondence with each other and their officials, and a short Hebrew salutation is the only peculiarity that marks off their letters from those of ordinary men. The synagogue account-books are also kept in English, and business meetings of the congregation are not only called by the name of vestry, but are conducted on the plan of similar gatherings in the Christian Church: and the conventional phraseology about "resolutions," "amendments," and so on, is faithfully copied. The "*Parnes*" of the synagogue has, under the influence of the new system, developed into a "*warden*," and the synagogue itself is decorated with huge tables of benefactors inscribed with English characters; while loyalty occasionally assumes the somewhat ostentatious form of setting the walls ablaze with six inch golden letters, exhorting the congregation to "pray for the Queen and the Royal Family."*

3. As to *shaving*.—Besides the Biblical precepts against cutting or trimming the beard, the Talmud affirms that a man who shaves is guilty of violating *five* prohibitions, not to mention that he has also broken the command against putting on a woman's garment by making himself appear like one. Even in these days, when Christians have long since agreed that hair is the natural ornament and covering of man's face, it is curious to notice how many Jews persist in shaving the chin. Nor is the practice by any means confined to the careless and unreflecting; for men are to be seen in the synagogue, and amongst them learned Rabbis, who are closely clipped and trimmed. If a man without a beard is held by the Talmud to be no better than a woman, the words of the prophet (Isa. iii. 12) would seem to come home to shaven ministers with a *literal* force that is hard for them to evade, "*As for my people, women rule over them.*"

4. As to *education*.—There are no places of instruction set apart for Hebrew children except a few free schools for the poorer sort. The consequence is, that

* The Rabbis are very particular in ordering that prayers should be said in the synagogue every Sabbath for the ruler of the country, and the congregation show their respect by rising while it is being read. The senior Rabbi always officiates at this part of the service.

they all go to Christian schools, where even the sons of Rabbis are to be seen mingling freely with pupils whose very presence at such a time ought, on their own principles, to be pollution. Some kind of agreement is usually made that Jewish children are not to take part in the prayers or religious instruction; but this feeble precaution soon falls into neglect, and it is common enough to find them present both at one and the other, though nominally sharing in neither.

Considering the stress that is laid by the Talmud upon the careful training of youth, the importance of this defection from ancient custom can hardly be exaggerated, as testifying to the indifference with which even the Orthodox are learning to regard their own traditions. And no less significant, surely, is the almost entire absence of religious education provided for children at their own homes, under the superintendence of the local Rabbi. In some instances through parsimony, and in many more from sheer apathy, it amounts to little more than just enough instruction in Hebrew to enable them to join in the public prayers; and even this is imparted so imperfectly and carelessly that the child learns his lesson in a listless and mechanical way, and feels no kind of interest in extending the contracted limits of his knowledge.

5. As to *marriage*.—The Talmud is exceedingly precise in its directions about matrimony, and speaks with great severity of all who enter upon that holy state for mercenary motives. It scruples not to declare that the children of such ill-omened unions are sure to turn out amiss. Nay, further, what a man receives with his wife, by way of portion, is pronounced not to be honest money, in the strictest and severest sense. What the practice of modern Jews may be in the selection of a wife it is superfluous to inquire; but it is enough to know that there is hardly any point upon which their authoritative teachers are more dogmatically precise than in forbidding all consideration of pecuniary gain to enter into matrimonial calculations. A man is allowed to marry into any family of Israelites he pleases, whatever their social rank or standing may be; but he is exhorted to use all diligence to mate with the daughter of a learned man. Should such a one, unhappily, be out of reach, he must next turn his mind towards the family of some one who is renowned for his good deeds. Failing this, he must betake himself to the warden of a synagogue, and so on till he reaches the damsel who teaches in an infant-school. Should he be an unlearned man, however, he must in no case aspire to the hand of a

daughter of Aaron (a Cohen); and, where it is possible to satisfy other conditions, he is counselled to take his sister's daughter to wife. All this is as completely ignored by modern Jews as if it had never been written; and it is only charitable to believe that in this, as in many other matters, they are lamentably ignorant of the requirements of their religion. The same may be said about the law which compels a husband to give his wife two good meals a day, including bread and wine, and which raises the number to three on the Sabbath, with the addition of fish and meat, besides a trifling sum of money for increased expenses of the house. The stipulation about diet, in spite of modern laxity, is very strictly laid down; and when a husband chances to be so poor as to be unable to carry it out, it is the duty of the Rabbis of the town to compel him to divorce his wife. But as in the preliminaries of marriage the Jews are gradually departing from the traditions of their race, so are they copying Christian usage by the introduction of bridesmaids at the ceremony itself. Properly speaking, the bride should be brought into the synagogue between two married women—(her own and the bridegroom's mother)—but this time-honoured custom is rapidly being superseded by a string of youthful bridesmaids. Then, again, as the wedding-day is regarded by the Rabbis in the light of a day of atonement for the newly-married pair, it was always customary in olden times to observe it as a strict fast, until a cup of wine was partaken of in the course of the ceremony, which was invariably performed in the evening; but early weddings are now quite as common among Jews as among Christians. Cutting off a bride's hair furnishes the ground for another example of declension from ancient tradition. Though this disfiguring operation is still performed among Continental Jews with inexorable rigour, it has almost entirely passed out of use in England, and married women who were accustomed to wear wigs abroad, invariably allow their own hair to grow again as soon as they reach our shores. This is all the more remarkable, as direct Biblical authority is claimed for the precept.

6. As to *funeral ceremonies*.—Here again the custom of the country is most scrupulously followed. Hearse but not feathers, mutes and mourning-coaches, have gradually become the indispensable accessories of Israelitish burial rites. The corpse of even the most orthodox Jew is deliberately placed in the same hearse where a Christian body has lain before it,

just as if there were no such a thing in the world as pollution, and as if the undertaker and his men were recognized officials in the Rabbinical code. People too are now invited to funerals out of private friendship, instead of being expected to attend in discharge of a religious obligation. Headstones, erected at the graves, are fashioned after the conventional type of the country, while the inscriptions are Hebrew, liberally interspersed with English.* The burial-ground is called the "House of Life," in reference to the souls which are supposed to be hovering over the graves; but it may be questioned whether one of the old Rabbis might not be tempted by the sight of Gentile innovations to call it the "House of Death."

7. As to *trades and professions*. — Many occupations are now followed by Jews which were never practiced in the olden time — as, for example, the business of carpenter, blacksmith, painter, and several others, which, though not positively forbidden, are not held to be legitimate employments. No particular trades seem to be directly encouraged by the Talmud, though a strong feeling evidently exists in favour of agriculture. It certainly is no small sign of the declension from ancient usage, that farming in its various branches seems to be the one form of occupation upon which Jews have agreed to turn their backs. Among the *professions*, that of lawyers is strictly forbidden, inasmuch as Jews are not allowed under any circumstances to have recourse to Gentile courts.

8. As to the *acquisition of land*. — The spirit of a Jew's religion calls upon him to sit lightly towards worldly things, and to believe that his Messiah may at any moment appear, to lead him back in triumph to the city of David, which is supposed to be the ceaseless object of his most ardent longings. The last thing that he ought to desire, on his own principles, is, that this glorious advent should find him firmly established as a territorial proprietor among people who have no share in his nation's promises, and whose very presence upon the soil is an abomination. The possession, therefore, of splendid estates in the place of exile, would seem to be a tacit surrender of his dearest hopes. And this, no doubt, is the secret of that marvellous indifference about their own land, which has long been stealing over the Israelitish mind. Time was when devout Jews desired to lay their bones within sight of Jerusalem; but if the feel-

ing survives in modern breasts, it lives more as a superstition than as the offspring of a loving veneration. Railways and steamers make the pilgrimage easy enough for any one who is moderately earnest about the matter; but, talk as Jews may of the blessedness of being buried in the sacred soil of Judea, the slowness with which they set their faces towards Zion is the plainest possible proof that their hearts do not follow their words.

9. As to *fringes*. — The divine command is "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue" (Num. xv. 38). These were "the borders of their garments" which the Scribes and Pharisees of our Lord's day loved so ostentatiously to "enlarge" (Matt. xxiii. 5). An opposite error prevails at the present time, and the divinely-ordered "fringes" have altogether passed out of sight. It is not from any feeling that their importance is at an end, but from a desire not to attract attention to their distinctive ceremonials, that they are universally worn by modern Jews under the waistcoat or shirt; though, at the same time, in some foreign countries, as in Poland, it would be esteemed as one of the most heinous sins to conceal the venerated badge of nationality. An enemy might, possibly, say that, having agreed to abandon so much of what rests on divine authority, they are consistent in removing out of sight that which was designed to cause them to "remember all the commandments of the Lord" (Num. xv. 39).

The same may be said of the practice of writing the Law upon the posts of their doors in compliance with Deut. vi. 9. In all cases the writing occupies a very small space — so small, indeed, as not to be noticed by a stranger who may chance to enter; but a fashion is beginning to prevail to fit it into a small case, which, in turn, is let into the moulding of the door-post, and which would baffle all but the closest scrutiny.

A great deal more might be said about the readiness with which Jews mingle with Christians in Parliament, on the bench, at clubs, on the turf, and at all kinds of festive gatherings. And what excuse shall be pleaded for such startling innovations? What would one of the stern old Talmudists say, if he could look down upon Israelitish back-slidings that are allowed to pass without rebuke? There is as little compulsion to adopt Gentile habits as there is to em-

* In most Continental countries the use of a single letter from any Gentile alphabet would be abomination.

brace the Christian creed. A Jew, if he were so minded, might keep himself perfectly aloof from the slightest taint of Gentile association, without anybody troubling himself to inquire the reason. Never was there a period in this country's history when a man could enjoy so large a share of toleration as now for any peculiarity of manner, dress, or religion, that he may see fit to indulge. Why, then, should the Jew have seized the moment for discarding some of the most venerable characteristics of his race? Whatever answer may be given to this question, it is sufficiently clear that the growing laxity about traditional usage has paved the way for the reforming movement. When the entire Hebrew population of the country have long been learning to live in a contemptuous disregard of the precepts of the Rabbis, it requires but a small mental effort to persuade themselves that those precepts have no force. And this is the point at which the Reformers have now arrived. The Talmud is nothing more to them than any other venerable book. They utterly repudiate it as a rule of life, and thousands of the Orthodox, who feel the inconsistency of standing out for observances which they have not the heart to keep, are preparing to follow their example. The lapse of a few generations will probably see the Oral Law transferred to the regions of archaeology, and no longer appealed to, even by the Orthodox, as the all-directing guide of Israel. Whether the Jews will be ultimate gainers by their sudden and wholesale rejection of Talmudical teaching, is a point that will be decided according to the bias of the inquirer's mind. Most sensible people will think that Dean Alfred has struck the right line about tradition, when, speaking of the value of Christian antiquity, he says: *

"The interpretations of the ancient Fathers deserve all respect short of absolute adoption, *because they were their interpretations.* We must always, in such cases, strike a balance. In living near to the time when the speaking voice yet lingered in the Church, they had an advantage over us; in living far down in the unfolding of God's purposes, we have an advantage over them. They may possibly have heard things which we have never heard; we have certainly seen things which they never saw. In each case we are bound to inquire which of these two is likely to preponderate."

This is just as applicable to the Jewish Talmud as it is to the patristic writings, with this addition, that while the Fathers of the Church have never been supposed

to speak with any higher authority than the force of their individual learning and piety, the Talmud has all along been recognized as, in some sort, the Voice of God. When and how have the Reformers discovered that this lofty claim is unfounded? And what assurance is there that the same process may not one day be applied to the written Word? The patrons of the movement may endeavor to allay public apprehension by affirming that, having swept away the rubbish which has been accumulating for ages round God's revelation, they leave the sacred deposit in all its untarnished grandeur. So far, no doubt, they seem to have caught the true Protestant spirit, and will therefore find supporters beyond the limits of their own exclusive communion. But then there will always be the risk, and that no light one, that men who have hurriedly cast aside that which their nation has for countless generations been taught to receive as the unwritten law of God, may, in process of time, take the further and by no means difficult step of impugning the authority of the written Word. At the present moment (speaking of English Reformers alone) they would probably shudder at the thought, and would affirm that their line of action is the truest possible safeguard against infidel speculations. There would be less difficulty in accepting this account of their position, if it were certain that their freedom of action were in no sense the offspring of the neo-philosophical spirit which is so greatly troubling the Teuton mind. If it is to be understood that the rejection of the Talmud is to be followed by an acceptance of the tenets of German Deism, there will be small reason to congratulate them on the exchange.

There is all the more need to sound a note of caution, inasmuch as signs are not wanting to show that the reforming movement has by no means reached its culminating point. Rapid as its past advance has been, it is ominous of still greater change to hear that in New York and Berlin there are congregations who uncover their heads when they read their prayers—that the distinction between the sexes is so far broken down that men and women mingle freely together upon certain occasions in the synagogues—that the Law is often read with the head uncovered,—that organs are becoming a usual accompaniment of divine service—that families of credit breakfast without scruple upon bacon and ham,—and that, in a word, some other of the few remaining restrictions with which the Reformers allow themselves to be fettered are not only relaxed but derided.

* Prol. 2 Thess. § v. 23.

But does it follow because Reformers are heading a vigorous movement towards Gentile usage that they are any more receptive of the Christian faith? It would be hard to say: but probably not. They themselves would be the first to hurl back the imputation with scorn. An immense deal, of course, is gained when Rabbinical obstructions to a spirit of fair inquiry are swept away. It is something to know that a Jew may now read his Scriptures, without at the same time feeling bound to accept a mass of interpretation which, in reality, obscures their meaning. But is it certain that he *will* read them with a newly-kindled eagerness, and that he will set himself seriously to master their inner mean-

ing? To some extent a taste for critical investigation will be encouraged by the mere fact that the door has been opened for freedom of thought and action; but unless Jews agree to lay aside the unreasoning apathy which has been quite as serious a hindrance to their conversion as the teaching of the Talmud itself, it is difficult to imagine that any great good will come of their liberty. Still it is quite possible — and here their Christian fellow-subjects will find their surest comfort — that the rejection of cumbersome tradition may leave the Israelitish mind a blank, upon which purer and nobler doctrines may hereafter be written.

THE watch has been found again? What watch? Who has ever been in the United States and knows anything about Washington and Lafayette without having heard the mysterious story of the watch? For the benefit of those who have not learned to connect serious politics with trivial incidents, here is the story. During the war of independence a Swiss watch-maker of Philadelphia named Weitzel made a present of a gold watch to General Washington. It was a splendid watch, and the donor showed his sense of its value by attaching a condition to the gift — namely, that Washington should never part with it unless he could give it to some man who had rendered greater services than himself to the country. After keeping the watch for some time, Washington thought he would fulfil the intentions of the giver by offering it to Lafayette. The gift was accepted as a high honour, and when, in 1825, Lafayette revisited America he was quite proud to wear Weitzel's watch. But at Nashville, while he was receiving the felicitations of the people of Tennessee, it was stolen from him. Everybody in the United States was indignant at this daring theft, which seemed an insult to the nation. The newspapers raged, and everybody became a voluntary detective, but all to no purpose. The thief escaped, and no trace of the watch could be found. The other day, however, in a western town an old gentleman chanced to look into the window of a pawnbroker's shop, where to his unutterable surprise he recognized the watch. He recognized it for he had seen it — having been one of the officers who received Lafayette at Nashville in 1825. He had also kept several newspapers of that date describing the event in which he took part, and among other points giving a minute account of the watch. It seems that it had been pawned by a young girl, who, being questioned, said that the watch had been for a long time

considered a family relic, her parents before their death having enjoined her never to part with it.
Pall Mall Gazette.

THE great stir recently made about the Suez Canal has withdrawn attention from a work in some respects of greater enterprise — the opening of a canal and harbour through the Isthmus of North Holland, and the conversion of Amsterdam into a port on the North Sea. Two piers, each 5000 feet long, are being projected into the sea to form a harbour of refuge to embrace an area of 7200 acres. About 1000 yards inland will be the basin, which is to form the entrance to the canal. It will be 26 feet deep and 197 feet wide — exceeding the dimensions of the Suez Canal. It will be carried through the midst of a sheet of water, or inland lake, the Wyker Meer, which will be dammed up, along with the river Jj, and afterwards pumped dry and converted into pasture land. The cost of these vast works will amount to 27,000,000 florins, and it will be completed in 1876.

ACIDULATED NON-INFLAMMABLE WOOD. — In a letter to us (*Builder*) signed "R. Taylor," sulphurous acid is suggested as a means of rendering wood non-inflammable. A small splinter of fir-wood was inclosed, which we find ceases to flame the moment it is taken out of a gaslight, although it materially increases the volume of the gas flame while burning, as it does, in it. The acid, our correspondent says, is diluted with ten parts of water before steeping the wood in it; and floorplanks, he adds, require but a few minutes' immersion.

VII.

TOWARDS nine o'clock on the following morning I took my stand at the railway-station, and having arrived some time before the hour appointed, I walked up and down the platform, smoking a cigar. Soon after I saw Fra Angiolo entering the still empty waiting-room for first-class passengers, and take a seat in a corner of one of the sofas. I followed him, entering by another door and took a seat by his side. In order to prevent any suspicion being created by my appearance at the station, I had dressed myself in a full *touriste* costume, in which even the customary satchel, worn over the shoulder, was not forgotten. The Marchese seemed much surprised at seeing me thus attired.

"Are you going on a journey, my son?" he inquired.

"By no means! Still, our time is precious, and we had better begin to talk of our affair. I have made Beppo Mangini's acquaintance, and desire to ask you first of all, why you have sent me that singular person?"

"Simply because I have known him these twenty years and because, aside from the Questore's loud praises of his adroitness and activity, I can assure you, that he is as faithful as a dog, and as devoted as one of those servants, whom. . . it is difficult to find any more like them now-a-days."

"Faithful and devoted to any master that is willing to pay him for his services, I suppose?"

"Yes, but more especially to myself, whom he has served in the army for years. You will soon find out that Beppo's services are just what you need for your undertaking."

"God grant it! But tell me what you have learned since yesterday, Padre?"

"Salviati, my son, is an arch-scoundrel."

"I never doubted it!"

"He has obtained a position in society, which will render it all the more difficult to reach him."

"We shall see about that. And the old Colonel?"

"Is almost childish, and closely watched by Salviati."

"You are telling me things which are anything but new to me, and. . ."

"I am very sure however, you did not know, that the Colonel has made Salviati his sole heir."

"I feared it all the while. But what about Camillo's child?"

"My son, it might be better even now, if you left her to her fate."

"Leave her to her fate? What has come over you?"

"Yes, my dear son. If God wants to call one of his children unto Himself, man ought not to oppose the divine will!"

I looked at him in astonishment — he had greatly changed from the day before. His eyes had lost their brightness, his face the expression of earnestness and energy, the military bearing had completely disappeared and a monk, a real monk, was sitting by my side. However, I recovered my composure quickly, and resolved to be on my guard.

"Oblige me by explaining the meaning of your words," I said.

"Camillo Ginozzi's child is fated to serve the Lord in a convent," he replied, hesitatingly, casting a timid glance at me.

"Ahem! — In order most probably, that the Cavaliere Salviati may also receive that portion of the inheritance, which the grandfather is legally bound to leave to his grandchild. I see it all. And that is what you call the divine will?"

"Even the sinfulness of the wicked He may avail himself of, to save the souls of His chosen ones!"

"Padre," I said angrily, "I do not know much about dogmas or doctrines, and hence cannot answer you as fully as I might wish. But by my honor I swear to you, that the wicked shall not triumph in this instance, as long as I have strength and power to act."

"Calm yourself, my son. . . ."

"No — do not ask it. I can understand your scruples, Marchese, and knowing you, as I do, even respect them. They resolve themselves simply into the sad fact, that from the moment you knew that Camillo's child was to be sent to a convent, your zeal grew cold, and you now repent your promise, to aid me in my undertaking. I shall save the child, by. . . ."

"The child will be saved, if she but join the chosen band of the Redeemer."

"We will not discuss this point. We must separate here. Farewell, Padre! I shall fight the battle alone, and if I succumb — may you never rue of having refused to assist me!"

I rose quickly, although I could plainly see, that the Dominican was struggling with his own better conviction; he would have gladly detained me, had not his profession opposed such a step. He also rose from the sofa and seized my hand at the moment I turned to go.

"I am only doing my duty," he said with a trembling voice, "as you are doing yours. We must part; but, believe me, I shall pray for you from the bottom of my heart!"

"Thank you, Padre, you are very kind! But the platform is filling with travellers. I must go. I am expecting somebody—a friend!"

And without giving him another look, I opened the door of the room and stepped out on the platform.

I frankly confess, that I was foaming with rage, and that I should doubtless have given him a piece of my mind, had I remained much longer. His sudden and unexpected refusal had frustrated all my plans and sorely disturbed my equanimity. The checkered crowd of passengers on the platform had a soothing effect upon me; I began to look about me for an individual holding either a lighted cigar in his uplifted hand and knocking off the ashes with his little finger, or violently rubbing his nose. For several minutes I had vainly searched for my man, when suddenly I felt somebody touching my arm. I turned round and—Fra Angiolo stood by my side.

"Allow me to say one word more!" he said almost imploringly. "Come with me a moment. At the farther end of the platform we shall be undisturbed."

I followed him almost against my will, all the while running my eyes along the multitude rushing towards the cars.

"My son," he began in a beseeching tone of voice, "be lenient with me. Consider, that you are an inhabitant of those countries, in which our sacred institutions have no foothold. You are therefore not a fair judge. It was only this morning, that I heard what was to be done with the child. My conscience troubles me. Could you not grant me a day's respite at least, that I may seek for strength in prayers, before forming a final resolution? I beg, I implore you—will you do it?"

This proposition, and the humble tone of his voice, astonished and confused me.

"You may reflect, Padre, as long as you please. After you have arrived at a fixed determination to aid me in my enterprise, I shall gratefully accept your assistance, just as I did yesterday. At the same time I can fully appreciate your scruples in a matter, which concerns you but little after all; your acquaintance with the Major was one of a few hours' standing, and the case of his child was not entrusted to you, but to me."

At these words the monk straightened himself to his full height, and his face once more assumed the same bold expression. He took hold of both my hands and said in a tone, partaking of anger:

"Take care, my friend, do not speak rash-

ly! This child—let me tell you I should willingly give my last drop of blood to see her happy. I—I—Oh, deluded man!—do you think, that your cold friendship can equal the glowing, burning, nay, consuming feeling, which has caused the officer to become a monk, and the man of energy, a mere skeleton under the cowl of a Dominican friar? Do not say another word; even though you should sacrifice your very life, still could you do no more for that child than what I shall daily and humbly pray to God to do, to be allowed to do for her."

I hardly knew what to reply. It occurred to me, that the Marchese's mind was slightly deranged, for, as the reader will remember, he had astonished me on the previous day by a similar, although less vehement, answer. I resolved to deal with him, as it is best to deal with patients of his stamp, namely, to enter into his views and ideas.

"You are quite right, Padre," I said. We men of the world are ill apt to take the same view of life you Southerners do. Let us have no more words about this matter. It seems we are being observed here. Let us go forward. There is the bell ringing. We shall have to leave the station, lest we excite suspicion."

I went forward to join the throng, and this compelled him to follow me. He shook visibly with emotion, and I seriously apprehended attracting public attention, since he kept close to my side, while I walked along the row of coupés, nearly all of which were by this time filled with people. I looked everywhere for my agent, but in vain. I wished to get out, and have the monk out of the way with me. I hastened my steps for that purpose, when suddenly—Oh! I shall never forget the sound!—close by us, a plaintive, female voice was heard saying:

"Palla Cassotti! Palla Cassotti! Save me! Marchese! Save me—save the daughter . . ."

We stood transfixed, both of us; I a little ahead, Fra Angiolo almost in front of the coupé, whence came the voice. I stepped back, cast a glance into the interior of the car, and, gracious God! what did I see? There was Clelia—Clelia who, held back by the strong arm of a man, had thrown herself forward, and held out both of her arms to the astonished monk!

"Palla Cassotti!" she shrieked, "in the name of . . ."

The open window was forcibly closed, and all disappeared, while the bell was ringing for the last time.

Quick as lightning my mind was made

up, and equally quick was the action, that followed. I tore open the door of the adjoining coupé, jumped in, and when a second or two later the train was in motion, I had hardly time left to call out to the Marchese, who stood there speechless in an attitude of utter helplessness:—

"Do you think of Camillo's child! I shall protect *her*, who has implored your assistance!"

A shrill whistle was next heard; the monk's reply remained an inaudible one to me. The train dashed off.—

We had reached Moncalieri, the first station at which the express-train stopped. I had as yet been unable to recover my presence of mind or, more correctly speaking, my mind had persistently concentrated itself upon *one* idea! A sort of—what shall I call it?—superstition had come over me and held me captive. This superstition fed upon the singular events, which barred my way every time, that I endeavored to carry out the Major's last and sacred will. It seemed as if an unseen power tried to prevent my doing so; as if—to use a common saying—*it was not to be*. Was the monk right, after all? The whole force of my reason rebelled at the thought. No, no! I had to do the behest of the man, who placed his last and lasting confidence in me. I *must*, and ought to do it, and yet I did not. Again I was hurrying away from the spot, where I might have accomplished my work. Like a madman I had once more plunged into an adventure,—forgotten my duty—and was in all probability exposing myself to manifold perils. And all for what? Yes, for what?

Involuntarily obeying the spontaneous promptings of my heart, and being too great a coward to crush the first germs of a growing passion in the very bud, I yielded to it, almost against my will.

"Save me—save me!" she had called to us in heart-rending accents. "Forgive me, ye shades of Camillo! I could not do otherwise—I had to follow her. I longed to be near her, to throw myself between danger and her—her, whom—yes!—I knew it by the wild throbbing of my heart—I *loved*, as I had never dared to hope I should ever love! Departed spirit of my friend, aid me in overcoming the danger, that is threatening her—and afterwards, yes, after that, with happiness unspeakable filling my own heart, thou shalt see, how boldly I can fight for thy child, and thus shalt be content with me!"

"Your ticket, Signore!" here broke in the conductor, standing in front of the coupé,

of which I was fortunately the only occupant.

"The ticket-office had already closed, when I arrived," I replied, "I shall pay you my fare now."

"Where are you going?"

I hardly knew what to say.

"How far will this train carry me?" I inquired.

"That depends. We branch off at Alessandria; this train goes over Novi to Genoa; the other by way of Novara to Milan."

"I am expecting to meet a friend of mine at Alessandria. We intend to visit the battle-field of Magenta. I shall pay you my fare as far as Alessandria at any rate."

I handed him two napoleons.

"You are giving me too much, Signore," he said, returning one of the pieces. "A first-class ticket to Alessandria is only eighteen francs, hence I owe you two francs."

I pushed his hand aside.

"Keep your money, my friend. You may do me a favor instead."

"Grazie, Signore—grazie! What can I do for you?"

"First of all tell me, how much longer we stop here?"

"About five minutes yet. The train, which is to meet us here, must have been belated."

"Have you called for the tickets in the coupé next to mine?"

"No, Signore. I rarely ever do it before reaching Asti."

"That is capital! Then go at once and have the passengers show you their tickets; do not stand at the window however, but open the door wide, and walk boldly in. Let your next move be, to go up close to a pale young lady in the coupé, and if you can do so without being observed . . . wait a moment . . ."

I took out my pocket-book and tremblingly handed the conductor my precious immortal.

"If you succeed in giving that lady this little flower in such a way, as not to be noticed by her companions, you may count upon another napoleon at the station, where I get out."

The conductor's face flushed crimson with expectant joy. Such generosity seemed fabulous to him. He disappeared in a second; I heard him open the door of the adjoining coupé loudly calling: "Biglietti, Signori!" A moment after all was quiet. I could scarcely breathe, and closed, my eyes!

"God grant, the flower may reach her," was my fervent prayer, "and she become aware, that a friend is near, who . . ."

The door fell into the lock with a loud noise. The conductor re-appeared at my window.

"The young lady sits in the corner nearest to you," he said; "it was easy enough for me to give her the flower."

"And . . . ?" I asked breathlessly.

"When I entered the coupé, she was as pale as marble; when I closed the door, the flower was no longer in her lap, and her face was red as fire!"

VIII.

I SHALL not even attempt to give the reader an approximate idea of the chaos of conflicting sentiments, which agitated me, while I was being carried along with lightning-speed. I believe, I have told him on a previous occasion of the nervous excitement, which comes over me *before* every danger, or the execution of some perilous undertaking, and which fortunately leaves me during the crisis — the moment in fact, when I am allowed to face the opponent, be it a human being, or an inanimate object.

The train was dashing on and I, with my head against the cushion of the car, tried to calm the beatings of my throbbing pulses. We reached Alessandria at last, and the conductor made his appearance again.

"I await your orders, Signore."

"What are they doing in the next coupé?"

"Nothing at all! They do not stir, and are evidently going to Genoa."

"Very well! Come to me just before the train starts and tell me more."

I waited about ten minutes. The conductor stepped up to my window.

"Nothing new. We shall be off in a few seconds. Have you decided, what to do?"

"I shall go on likewise. Shall you be on the train?"

"Si, Signore."

"In that case please keep an eye on the passengers in the next coupé, and do not fail to inform me the moment you see them getting out at a road-station. I shall make it all right with you when we arrive at Genoa, and you shall have no reason to complain of my generosity."

"Much obliged to you beforehand, Sir. I have, however, something to say to you first, little as I dare to speak, for most likely you know it already and more too."

"What is it?"

"The occupants of the next coupé, as I have just been told, and I ought not to repeat it — but . . . it seems to me, I should not be telling you anything new, since, in all probability, the orders came from you."

"My dear fellow, you must speak more

plainly. I do not understand one word of all this. What orders do you mean?"

"Signore, I do not like to commit an indiscretion, but you will surely excuse me for saying, that I have guessed, who you are."

"Well — out with it! Who am I?"

"I beg pardon sir. You are. . . il Signore Questore di polizia!"

I burst into a loud laugh.

"What makes you think so?" I asked him.

"I thought so, because the persons, whom you desired me to watch so closely," he replied in an undertone, "have, but a few minutes ago, been pointed out by a police-officer to the agent of the road, who is to keep a sharp lookout for them. He sent for me instantly, and told me in almost the same words as you did yourself, to have an eye on them and to inform him forthwith, when and where they leave the train! I have not time to say more — the train is off!"

He hurried away, leaving me in utter astonishment. What could all this mean?

I pondered over what I had heard. At last I thought, I had found the solution of this new riddle! I became convinced, that Fra Angiolo, after recovering from his consternation, had most probably taken some measures, to aid and assist Clelia; and, be it, that he mistrusted me or did not consider my protection a sufficient one, had gone to the police-office, explained to the questore the unfortunate predicament in which the young girl was placed, and that gentleman, in order to know at least the place, whither she was taken, had doubtless telegraphed to the agent of the police at Alessandria, to watch *her* and the movements of her companions.

This was the explanation I arrived at and which satisfied me perfectly. Still, my thoughts once being aroused, I asked myself so many and various questions, none of which I was in the least able to answer, that I came to the conclusion, it would be far better for me, to force myself to think of something else! But of what? Again and again, nay constantly, the image of the sweet sufferer recurred to me! Oh, Clelia, — you, from whom only a thin partition of boards separated me, and who were yet so unspeakably distant — you knew not, *how* warmly and lovingly my heart beat for you, and that my fondly excited imagination was building a thousand castles-in-the-air, in which your grave but expressive countenance shone as the guiding star, which urged me onward!

Involuntarily my thoughts also reverted

to my mysterious agent of yesterday, of whom I had promised myself so much—the adroit, sagacious Beppo Mangini—for whom I had looked in vain at the station. He was evidently a rogue, and had shamefully deceived me. How useful he might be, were he here! But no! it is better so—I shall rely upon myself alone. I, unaided, shall cause the smiles to return upon Clelia's sad countenance; shall accomplish impossibilities in order to—to—well, above all else—to save her. And after that? . . . Yes, after that? . . .

One is apt to dream very foolish things, when travelling alone in the coupé of an express-train. I dreamt of home, of the paternal mansion, in which, since my mother's death, the mistress had been sadly missed. I dreamt of a lovely little woman in a tiny white cap, with long black curls and soft dark eyes! I fancied I saw her as the good genius of that house. I heard her speaking my native tongue with a peculiarly sweet foreign accent—I smiled a happy smile! Again I saw myself in that house and. . . Heaven only knows! what else I saw in my dreams, reclining in the lonely coupé on the train from Alessandria to Genoa!

* * * “Siamo arrivati, Signori!” sounded the conductor's stentorian voice, “Genova, Signori—Genova!”

The cars were thrown open and the crowd of passengers pressed eagerly forward towards the street-doors.

I was in no great hurry. I waited for the conductor to come to me; and not wishing to be seen emerging from the same car by Clelia's companions, I quietly kept my seat. The conductor came not; I opened the window, and saw the last of the passengers leaving the platform. I then opened my door and got out. The conductor came forward at that moment with many excuses, saying, that he had been called off by the agent of the road, that he had had no time to look after the passengers in question, and that all he knew was, that they had got out here and gone off immediately.

Without answering him, I rushed towards the entrance, thence into the street and saw the last passengers going off on foot or getting into carriages! I ran my eye along the sidewalk—there was not a vestige to be seen of either Clelia or her companions. Alas! I had tarried too long in my coupé.

In mad despair I rushed on, and angrily pushed aside a person, who had once before offered, first to carry my luggage for me, and seeing that I had none, to conduct me about Genoa. Arrived opposite the statue of Columbus and just on the point of turn-

ing into the street Via nuovissima, I felt my sleeve being pulled and looking up I saw the same individual standing by my side, he having followed me all this time.

“Does your Excellency want a guide?” he asked.

“Off with you—I want none!”

“Your Excellency surely does—indeed you do!”

“Will you leave me alone or not? I tell you, I do not want a guide.”

“Signore, I know you do—it is no easy task, to find your way in Genoa. You will want a guide, sir, I assure you.”

I could restrain myself no longer.

“This is too much!” I exclaimed angrily.

“I tell you for the last time, that I do not want you—d'ye hear me—I'll have nothing to do with you.”

“Your Excellency will please consider, that Genoa is a city, which. . .”

My patience and forbearance were exhausted. I was utterly beside myself and lifted my cane.

“Enough of your insolence—be off or. . .” Suddenly my arm fell back. As if struck by lightning, I retreated a step or two, my eyes staring at the man before me as at a spectre. He grinned at me and—began rubbing his nose.

“What brings you here, man? Beppo Mangini, what are you doing in Genoa?” I muttered, scarcely believing my eyes.

He looked cautiously about him and said in a loud voice:

“Since your Excellency prefers to go to the Hôtel de la Croce di Malta, we had better take the nearest way on our right.”

And without giving me time to say another word, he took the lead and I followed him through a labyrinth of narrow, dirty streets, with which those of my readers, who have been there, are no doubt familiar, and in which one needs either a guide or the thread of Ariadne. After a while he halted in front of a low gateway and knocked. The door was promptly opened by a very corpulent man, dressed in the picturesque costume of a Genoese fisherman.

“Tschao, Geronimo!”* he addressed the new comer, “here is a gentleman, who wants to get a taste of the pure, genuine wine of Cyprus.”

“You must be dreaming, sir!” replied the fisherman. “I am not a wine-merchant. Can't you see by my dress, that I am only a poor barchettaio?”

* The word “tschao,” so frequently used in northern Italy, is merely a corruption of the word “schiaivo,” (servant), but by usage has become an independent term, and almost the only current one of salutation, now in vogue.

"True enough, Geronimo," said Beppo smilingly — "a barchettaiole (boatman) for vessels from the Levant! Andiamo! I have had more than one bottle of you before this, and the gentleman is perfectly willing to pay a good price."

"Ahm? That's quite another thing. Avanti, Signori! I think there is one bottle, the last one, left, and that is very much at your service."

We entered and while groping our way along the dark corridor, Beppo whispered to me.

"You can get wine here, as good and better, than any on the king's own table. This fellow is one of those wine-smugglers, in whom Genoa abounds. If you are a connoisseur, as I suppose you are, I can recommend the firm."

"But what have we come here for, Beppo?"

"Above all else, we can at least chat here in perfect peace and quietness, Signore."

We walked into a dark, smoky room, took a seat on a low bench and awaited Geronimo's return.

"First of all, Beppo, tell me, how you came here?" I asked, unable to control my curiosity any longer.

"That's easily told, Signore! I arrived in the same way you did, and in the very train with yourself!"

"You mean to say, that you have but just arrived?"

"Certainly, we were travelling-companions."

"But why? What have you got to do here? Let me know all."

"You ordered me to go — and I went!"

"I?"

"Most assuredly, Signore! You told me to wait for you at the station, but forbade my addressing you there, if I saw anybody with you, in which case I was to follow you. Well, I *did* follow you. Have I done wrong?"

"On the contrary! But how did you follow me?"

"That was simple enough! When I saw you pushing Fra Angiolo aside and jumping into an open coupé, I did the same, except that I entered the coupé of the agent who, naturally enough, wanted to put me out, just when the train was starting and. . . ."

"And. . . .?"

"I showed him my card, authorizing me to take any train I wanted, and to call upon any official of the road for assistance!"

"You are worth your weight in gold, Beppo. But go on, I am burning with anxiety to hear all."

"The transit was an easy one to me, Signore! Having to watch both you and the passengers in question, I made the agent order the conductor, to inform him, when and where they left the train, fully persuaded, that you would follow them wherever they went."

"Ah, I see through it now!" I said, and related to him the singular behaviour of the conductor. "But what is to be done now? I have lost sight of them — have you chanced to make up for my neglect, and do you know, where they have gone?"

"Indeed I have, Signore. I followed them to the hack, which drove them to the Hôtel de la Croce di Malta."

"Suppose they have left the hotel?"

"Have no fear, Signore — they leave only this evening."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly — eight o'clock is the hour."

"By what train? Where can they be going?"

"Not by train! They are going on board the steamboat Rubatiano for Cività Vecchia."

"How come you to know all this?"

"It would take some time to tell you my story and . . . here comes Papa Geronimo!"

The corpulent host presented himself with a bottle under his arm.

"Signori," he said, placing the bottle and two rather dingy glasses on the table, "the wine is good — may you enjoy it!"

"Is that really the very last bottle?" asked Beppo with a grin.

"Hm! — I suppose so."

"And I'm inclined to suppose, it is only the last but one, Geronimo. If you manage to whet the gentleman's appetite, I'll wager, he'll call for the last after this."

"You are a droll one! How can I whet the gentleman's appetite?"

"Nothing easier than that, Geronimo. Bring us some olives, salmi and cheese and I am sure, they'll make him thirsty enough."

I saw Beppo's game, and put a five-franc piece on the table.

"Take that, my man," I said, "and bring me what my guide called for."

"In that case I shall have to leave you alone, Signori. My daughter happens to be out."

"Alone?" exclaimed Beppo, "and is not that bottle pretty good company in itself?"

Geronimo took the money and left.

"Now, that he is gone, Signore," said Beppo, "let me tell you, how I executed

your orders. Allow me however to take a sip of this wine first . . . Santa Madre Maria! That juice is excellent—try it, Signore! Have you ever tasted anything like it?"

I took a glass of the wine. It was indeed delicious, but I was far too anxious to hear Beppo's story, to appreciate it much.

"Come, Beppo—I am waiting."

"Well, Signore," he began, "you'll soon see how simply things can be done, provided one knows one's business. I maintain that if people fail in such matters as this is, nine times in ten it is their own fault; for you must know, that before taking up a profession like ours, people are required to go through a long course of preparation, and if they do not, it would be far better for them to do something else, though it were the meanest of trades . . ."

"You may be quite right, Beppo—in fact, I think you are. But I beg of you not to keep me in suspense any longer. Our time is precious."

"Quite true, Signore, for you will have to give me new orders at that. Well, then! I went to the police-office to inquire where those ladies lived, but found no description in the lists of arrivals, which fitted their case. It was evident from this, that they had not gone to a hotel, but either to the house of some friend or relation, or, what was not very likely, to apartments of their own. I changed my dress, donned a blue blouse and went to a railway station. At first I hesitated which to choose, inasmuch as I only knew, that the ladies had arrived from Susa and only gone to Genoa for a few days. I concluded however, that people rarely take much *baggage* with them on a mere *trip*, and since it was their very *baggage* which interested me chiefly, I went straight to the Swiss station and took my stand with my brethren, the porters, adopted as such for the nonce. They looked askance at me when I first presented myself; on my telling them, however, that I had not come there to make competition, but simply to gather certain information, and after offering a bottle of wine to whomsoever would best assist me in this, I soon became the lion of the party. I went on to tell them . . ."

"For heaven's sake, Beppo," I interrupted him, "come to the point without losing any more valuable time. I am fully convinced of your eminent adroitness—you may tell me the rest at some other time. I have no doubt, it will be very interesting, but at present . . ."

"Very well! They told me, that two days previous they had waited upon three ladies, who answered my description of

them; and that the coachman, driving them off, was an old acquaintance of one of the men and in the employ of a family living in the Via Dora grossa. Since you desire me to be brief in my statements, I shall merely inform you, that half an hour later I took my seat on one of the benches in front of the house indicated to me; that I told the porter a long, pitiful story about my wife and my five poor children, and received the good-hearted fellow's promise, to give me the preference at the very next vacancy for a servant in the family. I had not been sitting there very long, when a cab drove up to the door and an elegantly dressed gentleman alighted, who inquired of the obsequiously bowing porter, if a servant of his mother's were at the house. The porter answering in the negative, he next asked him, if he would go on an errand for him.

The porter informed him, that he was all alone in the house. The young gentleman stamped his foot, saying, that his errand admitted of no delay and that not a moment must be lost. Hereupon I stepped forward, and the porter called me to him. The young gentleman scanned me closely from head to foot, and I can assure you my heart beat violently, for he knew me well enough and I did him, ever since a certain affair. But that has nothing to do with my story or your affair . . . although . . . never mind! you are impatient, and I will prove to you that although I like to state things in a proper and systematic way, I am not a babbler in the common meaning of the term. The gentleman commissioned me to take a despatch to the telegraph-office, to see to its being sent off, and to hand the receipt to the porter. I pleaded ignorance so well, that I came very near losing the job. Finally, however, he gave me a sealed envelope, containing the telegram, which I took to the telegraph-office and had it sent off. At one time I came very near carrying the despatch and its highly interesting contents straight to you . . ."

"Interesting contents?" I interrupted him. "You do not mean to say you read the despatch?"

Beppo looked at me in unfeigned astonishment.

"Do you suppose," he replied quite angrily, "that I should send off *unread* a telegram given me by a person, whom I was set to watch? No, indeed! I stepped into the nearest doorway, cut open the envelope, pulled out the letter and read:—'Signor Antonio Botta, Genoa. Engage for to-morrow noon horses and a comfortable carriage for four persons to go to Florence. May wish to keep them even beyond

Florence.' I pasted the envelope again and carried it to the office; but meanwhile, it became quite clear to my mind, that the young gentleman intended to go to Florence and beyond, with three persons beside himself — those three persons most probably being the three ladies in question. I should have straightway informed you even then, had not a thought occurred to me . . . but that is another of those stories you do not care about. After having handed the receipt to the porter as desired, I went and changed my dress and repaired to a place, where I hoped to see the gentleman again; this time, however, so completely disguised, that I made sure he would not recognize me. He made his appearance just as I expected, but in a horribly excited state. At a distance of ten or more paces, I could easily see, that he was greatly vexed and troubled. After a few minutes' reflection, he drove off to the telegraph-office and sent a second despatch to the same Mr. Antonio Botta, requesting that worthy not to engage the carriage for Florence, but to take four first-class tickets on the steamboat to Civita Vecchia instead."

"How came you to know the contents of the second telegram?" I inquired.

"Ah! Signore," replied Beppo, triumphantly, "you see now, that I was but right in being explicit in my story — you are actually compelled to ask for particulars. It was very easily done though! — as you might know by this time, that I am in the habit of going very practically to work. The hack I hired was quite as quick as his cab, and while he was writing his despatch on one side of the desk, I wrote another on the opposite end . . . and having pretty good eyes, the secret is readily explained."

"Did you send off your despatch?" I asked, in undisguised admiration of Beppo's superior management and skill, "and to whom was it addressed?"

"Dio mio, Signore, I took the liberty of sending at your expense a friendly how-doyou-do, to an old acquaintance of mine at Naples. I hope you won't take it amiss, seeing that I had to keep up appearances! I never lost sight of my man until late at night, and this morning, at an early hour, I resumed my place in front of the house in Via Dora grossa, earning two francs and a half in my temporary capacity as carrier, for lugging the baggage to the coach and unloading it at the station. I saw you there the moment I arrived, but being distinctly forbidden to address you, I waited until Fra Angiolo had gone. You know the rest, Signore. I have done, and I hope I discharged myself to your entire satisfaction."

"That you have, Beppo — and you shall have good reason to be satisfied with me! Still, you have so far left me in doubt, or rather in ignorance of the chief point of my solicitude. I desired you to find out all you could about those ladies. Who are they? What are their names? and who is the gentleman, that seems to play so prominent a part in regard to them?"

Beppo Mangini gave me a singular look, shook his head sadly and said:

"Signore, excuse me — you are not treating me fairly."

"What do you mean?"

"I am persuaded things would work very differently and much more satisfactorily, if you gave me your entire confidence."

"You are talking in riddles, Beppo."

"Do you take me to be so confoundedly stupid, Signore, as to suppose, that I had not more than half guessed what you are after?"

"By —! What are you coming to next?"

"Andiamo! From all Fra Angiolo has told me — from what I have seen since — from what I remember having heard while in my regiment, when I was Captain Palla Cassotti's servant — and from what the porter in Via Dora grossa told me yesterday, a downright blockhead might put two and two together. Why then shouldn't I, who lay no claim whatever to being one of that class?"

"You must speak more intelligibly, my man, if you want me to understand what you are driving at. I am utterly at a loss to see, how all your inferences concern me at all."

"As you please, sir," he replied, moodily tossing back his head. "You may ask me questions, which I shall answer as best I can."

At that moment Geronimo entered the room and interrupted our conversation, by asking:

"How do you like my wine, gentlemen?"

"'Tis an excellent wine," said Beppo.

"Where do you get such nectar?"

"Hm! One has some friends here and there."

"A good many of them on board of Greek vessels, I suppose?"

"A few there also! I have to do what I can — trade is very dull. The number of visitors is decreasing every year, and the earnings of a barchettaio depend upon them after all! Plying between the different vessels in the harbor, and rowing visitors about the harbor and to and from Pegli, is what pays us best!"

"Well, friend Geronimo, let us have another bottle, the last but one again!"

"I'll see what can be done. Maybe, I can find another bottle or two."

He left the room.

As soon as the door closed behind him, Beppo turned to me:

"Do you know, Signore, that this stout friend of ours can be of great service to us?"

"How so?"

"Hasn't he just told us, that he is in the habit of taking passengers to steamboats in the harbor — and is not our party going off to-night?"

"Quite true; but. . ."

"I beg your pardon, Signore. I forgot, that I am only to follow orders and not to make any suggestions."

"Don't talk nonsense, Beppo, and answer my questions to the point. Who composes that party, as you call them?"

"The old lady is the mother of my young gentleman and of Miss Paula."

"I know it. But who is. . ."

"The other young lady is her niece."

"You are only telling me what I know already. What are their names, circumstances, plans and so forth?"

Beppo gave me another of those looks, which plainly implied, that I was only twitting him.

"Are you going to answer me?" I spoke up somewhat sharply.

"Do you mean to tell me, that you do not know the gentleman's name?" he replied, smiling sarcastically.

"No, no! — a hundredth time, no!"

"Did you ever hear of a certain Cavaliere Carlo Salviati?"

The glass dropped from my hands.

"Salviati!" I exclaimed, and I felt myself growing pale. "Salviati, you say? Let me hear it again. I cannot believe it possible, that this person will dare a second time to cross. . . ." I could not finish the sentence — I trembled in every limb of my body. Beppo looked at me in blank astonishment.

"You did not know it then, really?" he said.

I could not find words to answer him. I sprang to my feet and rushed towards the door, completely overcome with rage at the thought of meeting this wretch a second time, and recognizing in him the tyrant of poor Clelia.

"Let us be off this instant! He shall not escape me this time!"

Beppo held me back.

"Signore!" he said, "Signore, you were not able to save the father and I doubt. . ."

"Keep your doubts to yourself! I want to save Clelia — and her alone!"

"For that very reason," said Beppo Mangini, "let me caution you to moderate your wrath, else you will be as little able to save her, as you were her father."

"Father again! What have I to do with the father? I want to protect Clelia, take her from him and. . ."

"Signore, listen to me. Clelia, the Clelia I speak of, is the daughter of Major Camillo Ginozzi!"

With a heavy groan I sank back upon the chair.

IX.

IN order to make what follows more intelligible to the reader, I have to revert once more to that inherent mental peculiarity of mine, which in the face of danger and at the last decisive moment gave me back the full use of all my faculties, up to that time completely paralysed by the paroxysm of excitement. If, since my arrival in Italy, I had been weak and vacillating, irresolute, almost boyishly undecided — it was simply owing to the remarkable and profound impression Clelia had made upon me, and no less to that wretched uncertainty, as to how and by what means I should ever be able to fulfil my self-imposed duty. This uncertainty had vanished in an instant. The whole undertaking, on which I was bent, stood suddenly clearly and, so to speak, compactly before me; now, that I could grasp it, I could also act, and with this conviction returned that cool determination and energy, which calmly and without noise or parade of sentiment, urges us on to action.

What stimulated my determination besides, was a growing conviction, that this unexpected meeting was a clearly prudential one — one which, after numerous vicissitudes and trials, brought me nearer and nearer to her, whom the dying father had recommended to my care — to Clelia!

I rose from my chair firmly resolved to accomplish my object. A single moment had sufficed to suggest to my mind the entire plan for saving the young girl; in another instant I had weighed all its difficulties and devised means to overcome them all!

Beppo looked at me in amazement. Geronimo entered the room, bringing another bottle of wine. At a sign from me, he left the room again. The sly Genoese grinned, as if he was by this time fully aware that I wanted to be left alone with Beppo, and that his wine was in the end a mere shallow pretext for that very purpose.

"Beppo," I said, "let me hear all you

know about those people. You seem to know a great deal."

"Yes, Signore, I do. But, since you evidently desire to act promptly, and since I have the bad habit, as you call it, of making my stories a great deal too long, you will do better to interrogate me as precisely as you please. I shall reply as briefly as possible."

"Very well! You say the family intends to go to Civita Vecchia?"

"Yes. And since travellers make it a point never to stay there, it may be positively inferred, that Rome is their place of destination."

"Do you surmise for what purpose?"

"Yes. Miss Clelia, as I have been informed, is to finish her education, which she began in Switzerland, in a Roman convent. In other words, she is to enter upon her novitiate in a convent, and since in our country and according to our laws no person can be forced into such a step, she is to be taken to Rome, where the matter is easily accomplished."

"Do you know by whose orders this is being done?"

"Obviously by those of the Colonel, the young lady's guardian, who has the undoubted right on his side. You are aware however, that the Colonel is a mere cipher — the Cavaliere is the real and sole instigator of the plot?"

"Does his mother know about it?"

"I cannot say positively, Signore; but I believe, she is blindly following her son's dictations."

I reflected a moment; my preconceived project became more and more developed.

"Call in Geronimo!"

Beppo did as he was told, and the stout boatman appeared. I paid him generously for the wine.

"How many boats have you, Geronimo?" I asked him.

"Two, Signore."

"Are they engaged to-day?"

"Unfortunately not, Signore."

"Very well! Now go to the quai at once and tell your men, that those two boats are to remain there at my entire disposal. There, take this money."

"Grazie, Signore."

"I want to know one thing more. Is there any other exit from this house?"

"No, Signore."

"That's bad! But never mind! I think you might safely trust us with the house for awhile?"

"As long as you please!"

"Very good! You may now go and give your men my orders. Tell them, that

the person, identifying himself by showing them a five-franc piece and a copper soldo, is the one, whose orders they have to follow."

"Ay, ay, sir. I shall not fail to tell them, and . . ."

He was interrupted by the opening of the door. A young girl walked in, and stopped short on seeing two strangers.

"My daughter Annunziata!" said Geronimo, beckoning to the girl to withdraw.

"No, no, she may remain in the house," I said; "she will not trouble us in the least."

My eyes accidentally caught Beppo's. He smiled at me approvingly, although it seemed, that he was rather puzzled at not catching the drift of all these arrangements.

Geronimo took his daughter with him. I looked at my watch; it was half-past two.

"And now, Signore Beppo Mangini," I said — "now we shall have a quiet confab. I want to see, if your adroitness is really as great as I believe it is, and whether your stage-life has actually been of benefit to you."

He cast a keen look at me.

"Signore," he said, "it was a capital idea of yours, to keep Annunziata in the house."

"Why so?"

"Hm! I suppose you need not be told. She is scarcely an inch-taller than Signorina Clelia."

I stepped back in surprise. That was a thing, I had not even thought of.

The table d'hôte at the Hotel de la Croce di Malta, whose picturesque location attracts travellers irresistibly, was but sparsely filled. It happened to be the day on which the coasting steamers depart, and the only one of the month, on which no steamer from Marseilles or Leghorn had arrived. The seats at the larger table were mostly occupied by gentlemen, who from time to time — and that rather often — were casting side-glances at the smaller table, round which a family party was taking dinner. This highly commendable custom of having families dine "table d'hôte" in the same room, yet apart from the rest of the company, is one chiefly, if not exclusively, met with in Italy.

The gentlemen at the large table showed their good taste in thus ocularly directing their attention to the smaller table; for no sight could be prettier and more attractive, than that of . . . the reader undoubtedly has long guessed whom I mean.

The old lady and the two young girls by her side, formed a group, which could

not but call forth universal admiration. Paula was the most charming picture of a merry, restless young school-girl; her beauty at first sight was as dazzling as that of the female heads, which Greuze's genius alone knew how to produce. Clelia's more quiet beauty, at first almost completely eclipsed by that of her cousin, did not fail to win the observer's admiration gradually, and would speedily become so intensely captivating, that he would in vain try to take his eyes off her. She no longer looked as pale as she did in the morning; her face, on the contrary, had assumed a gentle flush, and an emotion, which she was apparently unable to suppress, gave a peculiar sparkle to her eye.

When they had first entered the dining-room, she looked the same colorless image of suffering, as usual. She had taken a seat opposite her aunt, and seemed to acquiesce listlessly in whatever was said or proposed. This state of languor had quickly changed, when the waiter brought on the first course, placing it immediately in front of her, Clelia's face becoming suddenly suffused with a deep blush, at looking down into her lap; with her trembling right hand she had seized a spoon, while in her left she endeavored to conceal some diminutive object.

Salviati, seated next to his mother, between her and Clelia, looked quite handsome; one could plainly see, however, that he was rapidly approaching his fourth decade, although not a single grey thread was to be detected in his glossy dark hair and beard; passion had put her unmistakable stamp upon his face and left furrows there, which would never be smoothed again. The lustre of his eyes was just the same as it was twelve years ago; nobody could stand their piercing keenness long—it felt like a heavy weight upon the beholder and every eye—even that of his own mother—drooped before his.

A little removed from the table of the Salviati family, stood another table, at which a traveller took his solitary meal. Why had not this traveller taken his seat at the large table? Englishmen are and will be originals. This one held the gigantic sheets of the Times in his hand, intent upon losing not a single moment at either eating or reading. He had probably considered it unbecoming to unfold the large newspaper at the public table, and in all likelihood asked to be served at a separate table. He had seated himself so as to turn his back upon the Cavaliere; there being a mirror, however, immediately in front of him, he might easily have observed Clelia's

movements, if he would but take his eyes off the paper—a feat, which seemed to him an utter impossibility. The young girl, consumed by an indescribable emotion ever since the waiter had stood so near her, and another little flower—an immortelle again!—had dropped into her lap, had more than once swept the room with a scrutinizing glance and carefully looked at the mirror, which might have revealed to her the face of the Englishman; unfortunately however, she had only been able to see the reflection of the largely printed newspaper.

The dinner had progressed uninterruptedly and was near its termination, when the waiter entered, and handed the Cavaliere a letter, which had just been brought by a porter. Salviati opened it; his face assuming an expression of intense astonishment, as he read on. He called the waiter back, inquired if the messenger, that brought the letter had left, and on being answered in the negative, he rose and left the room.

Clelia, whose excitement was increasing with every minute, looked shyly about her once more, her eyes were resting on the large looking-glass opposite and—she turned deathly pale. She had at last caught a glimpse of the Englishman, who had laid his paper aside, fixed his eyes upon the mirror and—here Clelia's heart stopped beating—in spite of the strange exterior of the man, in spite of his immense whiskers, she had not only recognized him, but observed the sign he had made to her—and understood its meaning!

Meanwhile Salviati was conversing eagerly in the entry with a shabbily-dressed individual, who, cap in hand, answered his questions with that expression of stupidity bordering on half-wittedness, which, in a Genoese, conceals a high degree of shrewdness and cunning.

“Did she give you this note herself?” asked the Cavaliere.

“Herself? What do you mean by that?”

“Well—with her own hand then?”

“Yes—with her own hand.”

“Did she say anything else?”

“Say? What do you mean?”

“What do I mean? What else *can* I mean? Did she give you any verbal instructions?”

“Verbal instructions? That's too big for me! She of course told me by her own word of mouth, where to take the letter, when I asked her.”

“Don't be silly, man! Repeat to me word for word, what the lady told you, when she gave you the letter.”

The messenger straightened himself up, looked cautiously about him, clacked his tongue and said :

"Hush, I say — hush!"

"What does all this mean?" asked Salvati.

"That's exactly what the lady said!" replied the other. "I rushed forward at once, a good deal quicker than Gianni Lombardi, who wanted to lose me the job, although it was not his turn at all, and we are tolerating him at our corner from sheer compassion, his father having broken a leg while passing in front of Signor Lara's store — the same, where old Granny Assunta has her stand, whose husband about ten years ago — per Bacco! it is nearly eleven years — how time *does* fly, Signore — one is growing old fast and my youngest brother was conscripted last year and my —"

But Salvati grew impatient and would hear no more; he knew what the Genoese are, and that it is absolutely impossible, to get anything out of them, if they refuse to tell all they know. He gave him some money and re-entered the room, while the reticent messenger slowly descended the stairs, putting the pieces just received in his pocket and counting his earnings over and over again.

The Cavaliere returned to the table. He remained standing however and said to his mother:

"You will have to excuse me, mother. An urgent business-matter obliges me to absent myself for about an hour."

"Carlo dear, what are we to do in the meantime?" said Paula. "It is too hot to take a walk."

"You had better retire to your rooms and rest. You will be knocked about pretty roughly to-night."

"Oh! for the pleasure of a sea-voyage!" pouted the young girl.

"Addio!" was all Salvati said — "Addio!" and casting a significant glance at his mother, pointing to Clelia, he walked out of the room, while the ladies continued their interrupted repast.

The Englishman had his last ordered course placed before him. Clelia, who could not abstain from directing a look at the mirror now and then, saw a white piece of paper disappearing in the hands of the waiter. A secret voice told her, that that paper was for her; and when the same waiter approached her table a few minutes later, she opened her hand in her lap; she had guessed rightly, a note dropped into it, which she hid quickly.

The meal was finished at last. The room was gradually being deserted. The ladies

rose from their table likewise and, slightly bowing, left the room. Clelia cast another look at the Englishman, who had resumed his paper, and was so deeply lost in the proceedings in Parliament, as not to notice that look. After a while — the dining-room being then almost entirely deserted — the waiter approached him, bringing him coffee and several decanters of wine and cordials.

"Your orders have been well attended to!" he whispered.

The Englishman, with that phlegm so peculiar to the sons of Albion, put two gold-pieces on the table, and in most execrable French said:

"Double that sum for the lady's reply."

The waiter's eyes glistened, as he moved off again. The Englishman slowly finished his coffee, lighted a cigar and began to examine the different cordials. He had concluded reading the debates in Parliament, and now began to study the Court-records on another page of the Times.

Half an hour might have elapsed, when the waiter again made his appearance, his beaming face indicating, that he had been eminently successful. He stepped up to the table and without saying a word, he laid a tumbled-looking note by the Briton's ash-stand.

"Very well!" was the latter's whole reply, while he quickly pushed four napoleons, held in readiness all this time, towards the waiter, pocketed the note and deliberately went on with his reading.

"Queer sort of fellow!" muttered the waiter, as he retired. "The young woman does not take it quite so coolly — she is in a high fever."

Ten minutes more went by. The Englishman folded his paper, rose from his chair and with slow but long strides, apparently with the utmost composure and nonchalance, went up to his room.

Scarcely had he reached it — scarcely had the door closed upon him, when a singular metamorphosis took place. He flings away hat and cane; takes the note, which he had received with such perfect indifference, in feverish haste from his pocket; his eyes run hurriedly along the barely legible pencil-lines, and after having perused the precious little sheet, he presses it to his lips, his kisses nearly effacing every trace of the writing.

The note was a very short one, far too short for him. It read as follows:—

"SIR,—The last letter of my dying parent, enclosed in your own, clearly prescribes the course I have to pursue. I shall obey you and consider everything you may do or di-

rect in my behalf, as if done or directed by my father. Just as it did to my parent, so has your whole manner clearly proved to me, that your intentions are both good and honest. I shall follow you wherever you wish me to go. Your image will rank with the sacred one of my dear mother; my life henceforth shall be devoted to offering up prayers for the two beings, who have protected and saved the poor orphan-girl. You may rely upon me fully. I shall prove to you to-night, that the child of your departed friend is the daughter of a soldier also!"

"Forever, gratefully Yours,

"CLELIA GINOZZI."

Meanwhile the Cavaliere was impatiently pacing up and down the Aqua-Sole. He was closely scrutinizing the few promenaders taking their walk at that hour of the day, arresting his steps now and then, to cast a searching glance along the path ascending the hill. The next moment he might have been seen pursuing his promenade again, pulling out his watch, and with increasing impatience, repeating the same scene as before described.

"Hang it!" he muttered; "it seems, I am being made a fool of. I have a great mind to go back to the hotel; but I know her obstinacy—she is capable of following me thither, and preparing a scene for me right before my mother and sister. How the deuce did she find out, that I was here? Him, I thought she had gone to Bologna long ago. It will be no easy task to make her understand, that those two young girls are my sister and my cousin."

"She will be furiously jealous! She must have seen us, when we first arrived! What a barbarous orthography she uses in her letters!"

He took a slip of paper from his pocket, and could not help laughing at seeing how his fair correspondent had murdered the language of Petrarca.

"It is the first time I have seen her handwriting!" he went on soliloquizing. "When I lived at Turin, I had that rascal of a Beppo Mangini for my servant and messagere d'amore. I was confident she had returned to Bologna. Here it is half-past four, and not a soul to be seen!"

Again Salviati resumed his walk. The clock struck a quarter of five—then five. Still nobody came. He finally resolved to wait not another minute and returned to the hotel at the very moment, when the Englishman, whom he had noticed in the dining-room before, was leaving it.

On the stairs he was stopped once more.

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A stout, lumbering barchettaiole had been expecting him, to inform him of his being the boatman of the hôtel, and to request him to name the hour, at which he was to come for the baggage. A waiter, who happened to pass just then, confirmed the man's assertion, and the Cavaliere ordered him to be ready at half past seven to take the baggage, and to call for himself and family at a quarter past eight, just in time to reach the steamer leaving at half past eight precisely; taking good care, that no strangers occupy the boat with them.

"No strangers," reiterated the boatman, turning on his heel, while the Cavaliere went up to his mother's room.

The harbor seemed to be alive that night. Hundreds of boats, moored near the custom-house, were on the alert for the passengers. The moment one of these showed himself, he was immediately surrounded by a crowd of boatmen, every one of whom wanted to secure him for himself; it required a pair of strong arms, to fight one's way through the crowd of barchettaiole, which was all the greater on that eventful eve, as several steamboats were to leave for different destinations, and the skies so densely obscured, that in spite of the gas-lanterns on the quay one could scarcely see more than three feet ahead. This state of the atmosphere is a very dangerous one in Genoa; short-sighted travellers are apt to have their baggage disappear in a most remarkable manner.

The Cavaliere left the hotel in company with the ladies and walked straightway to the landing. His mother leaned on his arm, Paula was a few steps in front of her and Clelia, dressed entirely in black, walked by her side. They entered the gate of the Molo; their appearance was at once hailed by a score of boatmen, who rushed forward to offer their services. Salviati told them to stand aside and called loudly for the man, he had hired expressly.

"Here I am, your Excellency! Away with you, you scoundrels. I am hired by his Excellency—I, Geronimo! Do you hear?"

And as if afraid of having the Cavaliere taken away from him, Geronimo seized his hand and led him into the boat.

At the same moment two men rushed in between the old lady and Clelia.

A brief hustling, screaming and cursing took place; the old lady was much frightened, but her companion, only separated from her for a second or two, was again by her side. Geronimo lifted Paula into the boat; after her Clelia, whose veil had dropped over her face amid all the confu-

sion, and lastly the old lady. Two minutes later his boat was swiftly gliding over the dark waters in the direction of the steamer.

"We shall have to hurry," he said in a stentorian tone of voice. "If I am not mistaken, I see the mail-boat yonder and the moment the mail-bags are on board, off she goes. *Avante, avante!*"

Before Salviati had time to answer, Geronimo began to sing with deafening voice:

Sott' il ponte del Rialto
La barchetta fermaremo . . .

He seemed bent upon a steeple-chase with the mail-boat; his brawny arms were working with herculean energy, and he won the race by half a minute. After helping his passengers on board, he carried up their baggage in an incredibly short time, received his fare from Salviati, and pushed off shoreward.

The confusion and noise, incident to the last minutes before a steamer's departure, are too well known, to need a lengthy description here. The screw was already in motion and Salviati still vainly looking for the steward, to unlock their state-rooms. The ladies had seated themselves on a bench, looking at and counting the numerous masts of vessels, which — each having a lantern aloft — emerged from the surrounding darkness like a forest.

Clelia's face was turned towards the shore. With her hands supporting her drooping head, she seemed to be lost in a profound reverie.

The steamer had already passed the bar, nearly a quarter of an hour had elapsed, since they left the anchorage, and the swell of the Mediterranean was beginning to make itself felt, before Salviati returned to the ladies, to inform them, that their state-rooms were ready for them. Paula insisted upon remaining on deck a little while longer, and the Cavaliere meanwhile sat down by the side of his mother, conversing with her in an undertone.

"It is getting cold!" said Paula at last, after the family had been sitting there for nearly half an hour and the steamer reached the open sea.

"We had better go below," replied her mother. "I also begin to feel the effects of the night-air."

They rose to go. Clelia alone remained in her seat.

"Are you not going down with us, Clelia?" asked the old lady.

Clelia made no answer.

"Do not urge her," she said to her son.

"We have gained our point so far and ought not to annoy her unnecessarily."

"I do not wish her to stay out here alone," was the son's reply in the same low tone. "Some passenger might take it into his head to go up to her, speak to her and . . ."

"You are right, Carlo!" said the old lady, approaching the fair dreamer.

"Come, Clelia, my child — it is too cool here on deck."

There was no reply. The old lady at last put her hand upon her niece's shoulder, which greatly startled the girl.

"Come, Clelia!" she said again.

"Can I do anything for you, Madame?" answered a strange voice from under the thick veil.

For a moment the old lady seemed much confused; the next, she repeated her former urgent request.

"I do not know what you mean," replied the voice in the purest Genoese dialect.

"Demonio!" exclaimed Salviati. "That is not Clelia's voice. Where is Clelia?"

In an instant he had torn the veil from the young girl's face. Paula and her mother started back with a loud shriek — they gazed into a face they had never seen before.

"Who are you — and where is Clelia?" shrieked Salviati furiously.

"Capis neng" (I do not understand), repeated the strange girl in the purest Genoese patois.

"But who are you?" again asked Salviati, in pure Genoese.

"My name is Annunziata Peona," she replied. "I am the daughter of the boatman, who rowed you on board, and on a journey to an aunt of mine at Leghorn. My father brought me over in the same boat with you."

"But Clelia — where is Clelia?" cried Paula and her mother.

The young Genoese made them no reply. Salviati stood there like a marble statue, his face ashy pale, his eyes shooting fire, his hair standing bolt upright; not a word escaped his tightly compressed lips.

His mother at last went up to him.

"Carlo!" she said with trembling voice,

"Carlo, where is Clelia?"

Salviati made no answer. With a violent effort upon himself he suddenly dashed down the companion-way into the Captain's room. He did not stay there long; and the Captain, coming on deck soon after him, was heard to say to his lieutenant: —

"It seems we have a queer fellow on board. An individual plumped into my

room not five minutes ago, offering me two hundred napoleons, if I would lower a boat and send him ashore again."

The lieutenant smiled at what he called a good joke, and carelessly remarked:—

"I think he'll have to wait until eight o'clock to-morrow morning, when he can go ashore at Leghorn for one franc."

X.

THE reader has probably guessed in what manner Clelia had been freed from Salviati's grasp. The indefatigable reader of the *Times* at the table d'hôte was none other than myself, and the voluble tongue of Beppo Mangini was the only one capable of worthily imitating a Genoese porter. Beppo knew of a former entanglement of Salviati's with some Bologna beauty, who had left Turin only a few days previous, to return to her native city by way of Leghorn; and the supposition, that she should have remained a day or two at Genoa for some reason or other, was by no means far-fetched. He wrote the note, which was handed Salviati at the dinner-table for the double purpose of luring him away from the hotel, thus diverting his attention from Clelia—and of giving her sufficient time to read and answer my note, in which I informed her of the object of my visit, and the plans adopted for her rescue. I had distinctly requested her to wear a black dress, in order to have it resemble that of Annunziata; the waiter, whom I had completely won over, had even taken Clelia's hat to a milliner for the short space of one hour, in order to get an exact copy made for the daughter of the barchettaio.

Such things, I believe, can only be done in Italy, the country where money is a never-failing "open sesame," and where people are easily bought. During that memorable day I had been able to procure the services of the rail-road conductor, the boatman and his daughter, the waiter at the hotel, and five or six more boatmen, who were to surround and make harmless the Cavaliere, while Clelia disappeared in the crowd and darkness on the wharf, and Annunziata took her place in the boat. Could I have compassed this result as easily and simply in any other country? My sincerest thanks were also due to Fra Angiolo for his excellent advice on the previous day, to turn my letters of credit into ready money.

. . . Clelia and I had been sitting a whole hour in a dark back-room at Geronimo's house. What had we been saying to one another? I do not distinctly remember; all I know is, that she could not find words

enough to express her gratitude, nor did I tire of assuring her, that henceforth my life and purposes in life, should have no other aim than that of justifying the confidence, which her father had placed in me.

She related to me the story of her joyless life. She well remembered, alas! that one morning her poor mother had received a letter, after reading which she had pressed Clelia frantically to her bosom, and for more than an hour had uttered no other word than the dreadful monosyllable "Dead!—dead!" She also remembered, that her mother had led her every day to the grave of her father, whose body she had herself brought home from Genoa. Among her recollections of the mournful past was that of a wounded officer, just returned from the battle-fields in the Crimea, who had paid long visits to the broken-hearted widow, and had rocked the infant Clelia on his knees and kissed her. She also had frequently heard them speak of the "Tedesco," who had fought in her father's cause, and been near him when he fell. At last her mother had been taken from her. Her death had been Clelia's first profound affliction, for she was just about nine years old, when the sad event happened. After that, her cousin Cavaliere Carlo Salviati had come for her in a carriage, and taken her a long, long journey to a boarding-school at Fribourg in Switzerland, where she had remained nine years until a fortnight ago, when her aunt had arrived to take her back to Turin.

"And have you never had any visitors during all these years?" I asked.

"Never," replied the poor girl, "never! I was treated as a complete stranger by every one at the house. All my companions and friends had relatives, who came to see them, who corresponded with them and invited them to spend their vacation at their homes. I had nobody who cared for me. I received regularly the money necessary for my wants, but neither heard nor saw anything of those nearest to me by the ties of blood."

"O, you must have suffered much," I exclaimed, profoundly touched.

"Yes," was her simple reply, "very—very much."

"What was Salviati's behaviour towards you?"

"O, name him not!" she said with a shudder. "If you are willing to protect me, protect me from *him*. I hardly know why—but I feel every time he comes near me, as if my heart would stop beating and the blood freeze in my veins."

"I do not wonder at that!"

"Why?" she asked in great surprise.

"I scarcely understand your asking me that question. You alone have every reason to hate Salviati."

"Because he wanted to put me into a convent against my will?"

"No — not that, but . . ."

"What else can you mean?" she asked. A strange thought suddenly occurred to me, and I asked her:

"Do you know the name of your father's adversary?"

"He was an officer in a foreign regiment, I have always been told."

My misgivings proved to be well-founded.

"And what did your grand-father say?" I asked.

"I do not know," she replied. "I have never seen my grand-father. They simply told me, that he could not receive me and that Salviati was acting by his orders."

I saw plainly that I should have to relate her own story to the poor girl — and I did so as circumstantially and at the same time as considerably, as I possibly could. When she heard that Salviati's hands were stained with her father's blood, she started in unfeigned horror and almost threw herself into my arms.

"O, save me — save me!" she sobbed. I could scarcely answer her — my heart was full to overflowing! After a while I seized her hand and said:

"Clelia, I came hither to rescue my friend's child from an impending danger. I had faithfully promised to myself to carry out my undertaking or to perish in the attempt, and this morning, Clelia — this very morning, I broke the promise, which I had hitherto regarded in the light of a solemn vow. I forgot all about the Major's daughter and rushed after *you*, when I heard you imploring Palla Cassotti's assistance in accents of despair."

"I do not understand you, my friend."

"It is but a few hours since — in this very room, Clelia — that I learned for the first time, that you were the daughter of Major Ginozzi."

She looked at me in astonishment.

"I thought you knew *that* when we first met at St. Jean de Maurienne," she said, hesitatingly.

"I did not. But ever since I saw you there, I saw and felt the heavy cloud which oppressed your heart, and the image of the Major's poor, forsaken child vanished from my mind more and more, while all my thoughts, all my hopes and longings were bent upon saving you — *you* alone."

Clelia's eyes drooped, and a deep blush suffused her face.

"It fills me with joy," she said, after a short silence, "to hear, that the task you have set yourself, is, apparently, not an onerous one, and that you have indeed considered me worthy of such a sacrifice on your part from the beginning. God will bless you, sir — He, who reads your heart!"

"Alas! I greatly fear the contrary, Clelia."

"Why so?"

"Just because He can read my heart, in which He will find nothing but selfishness!"

"What can you mean, sir?" she stammered, with cheeks as red as a peony.

"It was not the daughter of Major Ginozzi, whom I wanted to rescue from the clutches of the Cavaliere — but the lovely being, who appeared to me at St. Jean de Maurienne and whose image ever since has been indelibly engraven on my heart!"

She trembled at these words, but my joyful heart knew no compassion at that moment.

"You know now, Clelia, *what* you are to me," I continued. "Like yourself, I stand alone in the world. I am a man, who is as eagerly longing for a sweet domesticity of his own, as a thirsting traveller in the desert is for a drop of water, but who can only realize his enchanting dream, if she, to whom his heart belongs forever, consents to link her fate with his! Do not answer me yet, Clelia — not at this moment. I cannot, and will not, avail myself of your present situation, to force you to a reply. Listen to me instead. There is a steamer leaving for Marseilles this very night. If you will, you can go at once to France where I know a highly-esteemed family, whom I can forthwith inform of your speedy arrival. In France you are free, and the influence of Count P. will save you from all further annoyance. There you may also find happiness, for the Countess is both kind and amiable, has no children and loves me as she would her own son, for the sake of the friendship she cherished for my mother, the friend of her youth. There, Clelia, you may safely brave all storms that threaten you, while I remain here to try to snatch from the Cavaliere your maternal inheritance, which nobody has a right to deprive you of. That done, I shall return to my own home — and not until you are perfectly free and independent, shall I ask you for a reply to the confession of my love, which I have just made you."

The longer I spoke, the calmer I grew. The fierce passion, which had filled my heart, was allayed; and the chastity and sincerity of my feeling filled me with a serene tranquillity, hitherto unknown to

me. Clelia stood there motionless. After a long silence between us, she raised her glorious eyes to mine and sadly shook her head.

"The women of our family dare not love," she said—"their love is fraught with death and destruction!"

"Clelia, what do you mean to imply by those strange words?"

"You are probably not aware, that owing to his love for my grandmother, my grandfather became a traitor to his country, as the world harshly calls him; that on his love for my mother my father staked his family, his position and his life! The mourning widow has since been the object of the affections of a man, whose love she could not return, since her entire heart was with her departed husband; and what has become of him, who fondly loved her, you must surely know, you, whose friend he seems to be."

"Who is it? Can it be, that Palla Cassotti . . ." I exclaimed. The scales had suddenly fallen from my eyes.

"Yes, it is he. He loved my mother, and after she had followed to the grave the beloved of her soul, the friend also became dead to the world. O, I recognized him yesterday at the bookseller's and divined it all! You see, that I am right—the women of our family ought not to love. There is misery and destruction in their love!"

"Ah! that I might be able to repeat to you, Clelia, the words of your father a few short hours before his death, when he alluded to the intense happiness of his love! Who was the happier of the two, Clelia,—your father, who met his death and was fondly beloved, or Palla Cassotti, who is slowly pining away, and whom religion herself cannot console for the loss of his earthly happiness?"

She remained silent; but her bosom heaved and her face became once more suffused with a gentle flush.

"Go to France," I urged her—"go! Believe me, you will be happy yet!"

She made no answer. Slowly she rose from her chair, went to the window and gazed into the dark, starless night beyond. Her hands were folded for a prayer. She stood thus for some time perfectly motionless. At last she came back to where I stood—tears glistened in her eyes.

"Have you decided?" I asked her, "and are you willing to comply with my request?"

"Yes, I am!" was her calm, but tremulous reply. "I shall do, what you advise me to do; but"—here her face assumed

an expression of indescribable maidenly confusion.

"But . . . ?" I asked breathlessly.

"The women of my family," she said proudly raising her head, "do not forsake in the hour of danger him, whom their heart has chosen. I am willing to go to France, but I shall not depart alone. Leave my inheritance to Salviati's avarice. Do not begin another struggle with that demon—come with me! Or if you decide to stay, I shall stay also!"

I trembled. I feared not to have fully understood her meaning.

"Clelia!" I exclaimed, "Clelia, is that my answer?"

She held out her hand to me.

"Yes! That is my answer!"

"To the *friend of your father*, to whom you thus wish to prove your filial gratitude?" Again I asked, yet unable to believe in the reality of so much happiness.

She smiled. Her cheeks grew redder and redder; she could not utter a single word, hid her face in her hands and faltered:

"No . . . not to the friend of my father, but . . . but . . . to the fellow-traveller of St. Jean de Maurienne!"

There came a loud knock at the door. Clelia hastily fled from my arms, which had held her in close embrace. I opened the door. There stood Beppo Mangini.

"Signore," he said, almost entirely out of breath, "we shall have to devise some other plan—the old one is frustrated."

"How? and why?"

"The French steamer has met with an accident to her screw. Her departure is postponed until to-morrow."

"That is bad! What's to be done?"

"Will you permit me to explain briefly, what I think had better be done."

"Speak!"

"The Cavaliere arrives at Leghorn to-morrow morning at eight, or, the weather being rather bad, at about half-past eight. By nine o'clock he will have sent a telegraphic despatch here, and if by ten o'clock the lady is not beyond the frontier or on the high seas, her departure is sure to be prevented until the Cavaliere's return, which will not be later than to-morrow night."

"There you are mistaken—the steamer only leaves Leghorn to-morrow eve."

"True; but the steamer from Naples touches at Leghorn in the morning, and the Cavaliere will not fail to avail himself of that opportunity, which will bring him back here between three and four o'clock in the afternoon."

"You may be right and we shall have to bestir ourselves. What advice have you to offer?"

"The principal and best thing under the circumstances, is to be far away from Genoa, before Salvati's telegram gets here. The next point is, to reach the frontier as soon as possible."

"In what way, Beppo?"

"There are two ways! One is to go along the coast to Nizza, provided we have still time to hunt up a conveyance; the other, to take the train at half-past eleven to-night for Turin, where it will be much easier to hide the lady for a few days, while we cast about for some means of transportation across the mountains into Switzerland."

I looked at Clelia, wishing to hear what she might have to suggest. She sat there thinking, leaning her head on her hand.

"What is your opinion, Miss Clelia?"

I said, pointing at Beppo.

She raised her head, somewhat astonished at my ceremonious address; seeing Beppo, she smiled and said:

"May I speak frankly before this gentleman?"

"He knows all about your relations to Salvati," I replied.

"In that case, please listen to me! I should not like to leave Italy, before having seen and conversed with my grandfather once more! If you otherwise agree with me, we will go to him all three of us, you, Palla Cassotti and I. In the absence of Salvati, who most probably has swayed him, as he has us, we can speak openly to him, and if after that he still remain inflexible. . . well! — in that event we have done our duty and. . ."

"But that may delay us and render our flight impossible," I interrupted her.

"Never mind!" said Clelia with a significant smile. "It can do us no more harm *now*! I am no longer the helpless thing I was, and if need be, you, as my friend, can call upon the law for my protection."

"Hm!" muttered Beppo in an undertone, "Let the law alone! Salvati's influence in Turin is great, as I know from experience."

"I fear it not," she calmly replied. "Even though the law should not protect me, you may take this heirloom of my father's, which I always carry upon my person — this golden medal for military bravery, with which King Carlo Alberto himself decorated him at Novara — and with it go to the King, telling him, that the child of the man, who merited that distinction, im-

plores *his* protection. And believe me, he will not deny it to me! Salvati's intrigues will not prevail against it. I feel strong now," she added, with a cheerful, smiling glance at me, "oh! if you but knew what it is to be *alone*, and suddenly to find. . ."

She did not finish the sentence.

"What are your orders, Signore?" inquired Beppo, after a short pause.

"We leave for Turin at half-past eleven to-night!"

Beppo rubbed his hands in high glee, much to my surprise.

"What is the matter with you, my man?"

"You will not be received at Colonel Ginozzi's," he said, highly elated.

"Does that please you so much?"

"Please me? No! Heaven forbid! But I have just bethought myself of a way, to render the old cerberus of a porter and the wretch of a housekeeper — creatures of Salvati both of them — perfectly harmless for a couple of hours. It will be fun, capital fun, Signore! But we have no time to spare, it is very nearly eleven o'clock by this time."

After Clelia was once more seated in the coupé opposite me, her hand resting in mine, she burst into a flood of tears. For some time I tried in vain to console her; at last she said:

"O Heavenly Father! What a strange dream this is! This morning I was the most forsaken of orphans — and *now*. . . O God! Thy mercy is great!"

XL.

It was past six o'clock on the next afternoon, that we passed along the Via Borgo nuovo in the direction of Colonel Ginozzi's house; for at this late hour only was Beppo able to promise us an undisputed admission to the old hermit's room. Clelia was leaning upon my arm, calm and firmly resolved to do what she considered to be her duty, fully relying upon the help from above, which was to lighten its burden. By my side was Fra Angiolo, who after having been informed of all that had happened, highly approved of Clelia's proposition, and not only promised us his assistance upon this occasion, but also the weight of his personal influence in Turin and that of his opulent and powerful family. We had told him everything — our love, our hopes, our plans for the future. The pale Dominican friar had drawn my Clelia towards him and imprinted a kiss upon her pure brow; his hands subsequently were folded in prayer — he probably did not suppose, that we divined the thoughts which prompted that prayer.

"And so you are after all willing to assist me, Padre." I said, smilingly, "in rescuing Clelia from a convent life?"

"My son," he replied, in a voice scarcely audible, "it is not and never can be the will of God, to separate two hearts that love each other warmly and truly! While I supposed, that Clelia was alone in the world, I deemed the house of God her safest refuge; now there is none safer than your protecting arms."

We entered the house with so firm a reliance on Beppo Mangini's adroitness, as to forget even the possibility of an obstacle being placed in our way. We were not deceived in this. The porter's lodge was securely locked; not a person was to be seen and we ascended the steps. Scarcely had we pulled the bell at the door, which led to the Colonel's apartments, when it flew open instantly . . . and Beppo stood before us.

"Be quick!" he said, almost pushing us into the corridor. "You are just in time. Go across the hall-room and enter the door on your right. The Colonel is there, lost in deep meditation."

"And the porter?"

"Lies drunk in his lodge. Here is the key. He won't wake under an hour."

"Where is the housekeeper, Beppo?"

"Ha!" he grinned, "she'll fume! I had her summoned to the police, as a witness in a case, of which I have always one or more ready; but she cannot be examined, until I come and will be obliged to wait, until you are through. She had given her keys to the porter and I took charge of them, when he dropped under the table. But go!"

"Who is there?" sounded a stentorian voice from the room before which we stood. It was a voice that made us turn pale.

We remained silent. A savage imprecation followed the question; the door was pulled open and—we stood face to face with the old Colonel.

Twelve years had gone by, since I had seen him. I supposed I should find him an old man, bent down by age and almost childish. I was greatly mistaken. He appeared much the same as he did twelve years ago; there was the same tall, straight, martial form—in spite of his five-and-seventy years his short hair and his thick moustache were only sprinkled with grey. His eyes had a singular sparkle in them—a sort of vacant stare! He looked at us a few moments in blank amazement, before shouting in a menacing, imperious tone:

"Who are you? and what do you want here?"

I stepped forward and gave my name.

He paused a moment; the next his features assumed an expression of terrible rage, and with trembling voice he cried:

"Ah! An accomplice of Major Ginozzi's, and evidently a scoundrel like himself! I remember! I have suffered you to spend nearly a whole year at this house—long, long ago! Get out from here! This is no place for such as you!"

I looked him calmly in the face and noticed a second time, that his eye-lids were contracting with an unnatural, convulsive movement.

"I ask you once more, what do you want here?" he said in a voice of thunder.

"Simply to inform you," I replied tartly, "that I have rescued your granddaughter from the hands of your nephew Salviati."

"Whom?" he asked.

"Your granddaughter, the child of your own son."

"I have no son!" he roared—"never had one! Salviati is the only friend I possess. He is my son and no other. He has saved my honor!"

"Salviati is a scoundrel, who killed your son!" I retorted.

"Salviati is a man of honor, who stained his blade with the blood of a villain!"

A scream escaped Clelia's lips. I was dumbfounded myself. I had not expected to hear that!

Before I had fairly recovered myself, Palla Cassotti came forward. He approached the Colonel calmly and deliberately; his face wore a strange expression of determination and mildness. When within scarcely more than a pace from the old man, he raised the crucifix, suspended from his belt and said in a loud and solemn voice:

"In the name of our crucified Saviour, I solemnly declare to you, that you have uttered a falsehood! Not one syllable of what you have just said, is true!"

The Colonel fell back a pace or two; I noticed that the monk's words had not missed their proper effect. He quickly recovered, however, from his momentary surprise and turning towards me he said:

"Does he call me a liar—*me*—a liar?"

I concluded that it would be best to excite the wrath of the Colonel to its utmost extent, in order to bring on a reaction of feeling all the more quickly. I summoned all my courage, and averting my face from that of the old man, I answered in as firm a tone of voice, as I could possibly command:

"Yes, — a miserable cowardly liar, who moreover dares to speak ill of the dead!"

The Colonel jumped up and was on the point of rushing at me, when, before he

could advance a single step, Fra Angiolo's quiet voice again was heard to say:

"You are a liar, old man, as sure as the Redeemer died on the cross for you and me! In a few years, it may be in a few weeks, nay, in a few hours even, the mighty voice of the Lord of lords may summon you before His throne, and you will have to appear before the great Judge with the fearful stain of that crime upon your conscience."

Again the words of the monk made the Colonel cower. His rage was stifled, and in a harsh but slightly trembling voice he asked:

"What do you want of me? Speak, what do you want?"

"I insist," replied Palla Cassotti, "that you shall quietly listen to what this young man has to say. After he has spoken, I shall solemnly swear to you, that every word of his is true and then—"

"What then?" asked the Colonel with a look of distrust.

"Then, we shall depart," calmly went on the monk, "and leave you to yourself. Mortal men shall then have done their duty towards you. The truth will have been clearly laid before you, and God has willed it, that man be the master of his own actions. You may then act, my son, as it seemeth to you best; but the Most High, who will judge you on the last day, will also require you to give an account of how you disposed of the great mercy He has vouchsafed to you, a mercy which so many of your fellow-men have been without—namely, that of having had full knowledge of the facts, before you acted."

And without waiting for the old man's reply, he turned to me and said:

"Tell your story, my son!"

What great psychologists are these monks, who have had so many hearts laid open to them in the confessionals! The Colonel, but a few minutes ago mad with rage, had dropped upon a chair near him and beckoned to me to begin.

I said what I had to say firmly and concisely. When I alluded to the scene in the Café della Concordia, where Salvati had called him a briccone—the old man smiled incredulously. Fra Angiolo, noticing his smile, interrupted me.

"I can testify to that," he said, "I was present on that occasion."

"You, Padre?" asked the Colonel, greatly surprised.

"Yes, I!" was the cool reply.

In relating what happened on that fatal last night, I repeated as well as I could, all Camillo had told me of his father. I was

profoundly moved by the heart-rending sobs behind me and the troubled thoughts of the beloved creature, whose fate was to be ultimately decided then and there. The Colonel stared at me, as if he wanted to read every emotion of my soul. When I finally spoke of the duel, repeating the last words of the dying Camillo, who begged his adversary to be a son to his bereaved old father—the Colonel could not control himself any longer. He sprang from his seat like one possessed and shouted:

"Liar! He jeered at me in his last moments! These are lies—nothing but lies!"

"Facts, nothing but facts!" exclaimed Fra Angiolo. "I heard his last words with my own ears."

"Demon of a monk!" roared the Colonel. "Have you been everywhere then?"

"I was *there* at all events. I saw your son drawing his last breath, and heard his last words."

"What business have you in the cafés and on the duel-ground?"

"I was a Captain in the hussars at that time. They called me the Marchese Palla Cassotti."

"Palla Cassotti?" stammered Ginozzi.

"Yes, Colonel, that was my name. My brother served for fourteen years in the same regiment with you. But go on, my son—go on."

I went on and showed him the letter, which his son had written to me a few hours before his death.

"And is all this true—can it be true?" he exclaimed, after I had ended.

"Upon my honor, sir! I have told you nothing but the truth."

"And I swear to you in the sight of Almighty God," said Fra Angiolo, "that your son Camillo met with his death while revenging the insult flung at his father by Salvati; and that his last words breathed only love and filial affection for you."

The Colonel stood there deathly pale. "Where is Salvati?" he cried. "Where is Salvati? And where my son's . . . did you not speak . . . of a child of my son? Salvati! . . . Where is he?"

He fell back upon a chair, fainting. I took Clelia's hand, drew her to me and led her to the side of the old man, where she sank upon her knees and covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He lay there motionless for a long time, and both the monk and I were beginning to feel alarmed, when he suddenly opened his eyes, bent down his head and gazed into Clelia's face.

My hopes of a favorable result of this in-

interview revived at the sight; a marble statue could not have remained cold at a look into Clelia's sweet, beautiful, lovely face.

"You are Camillo's daughter?" he said mildly. "How beautiful you are, my child! Your father's mother was beautiful also, and as good — Oh! so good and kind! Are you, my child?"

He fell back again and mused for some time. Turning to me after a while he said: "You must tell me all once more. But let me hear all — all — everything!"

I obeyed; this time however alluding also to the adventure of the day before, and since he listened quietly and almost pleased, I ventured so far as to speak of Clelia's future and mine. Fra Angiolo had meanwhile made Beppo a sign to withdraw; before I had finished he returned, and whispered to the monk, that the person in question would soon be here.

"Where is Salvati?" inquired the Colonel.

I told him that he would in all probability be in Turin that night.

"Ha! I am anxious to see him," said the Colonel, trying to rise. His strength failed him however; he had grown ten years older in that single hour.

Although aware of his weakness his face, strange to say, resumed suddenly the expression of his former energy. He raised Clelia from the floor, gazed into her face with a pleased smile and turned to Fra Angiolo, saying:—

"Padre, be good enough to call in some persons from the street. I need some witnesses for what I am going to do."

Fra Angiolo beckoned to Beppo, who left the room.

"Colonel," said the monk, "the excitement you have undergone might be detrimental to your state of health. I have sent for a physician."

"I do indeed feel much exhausted," he calmly replied. "I wish Salvati were here."

A few minutes later Beppo entered the room together with four or five rather perplexed-looking people. The physician also made his appearance. The Colonel conversed with the monk, who went to a writing-desk in the farther corner of the room, and returned with a sealed envelope.

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel, "I have sent for you to be witnesses to what I am now about doing. This paper here is my last will — the *only one* I have ever made. I desire you to take notice, that I declare there is *no other* will of mine in existence. And now I wish you to see how I dispose of this my *only* will."

He tore the document slowly and deliberately; and throwing the pieces of paper on the floor, he turned to Clelia and said:—

"It is too late my child, to make amends for the wrong I have done you. *This* is all that is left me to do; dying intestate, as I shall, you are henceforth my sole heiress."

"Hush—hush!" exclaimed Clelia, throwing herself into his arms. "I want you to live and —"

"So do I, child!" the Colonel interrupted her. "I am but too anxious to see Salvati."

He had scarcely said so, when we heard a carriage driving up to the street-door. A few seconds later, Beppo rushed breathlessly into the room.

"The Cavaliere has come—the Cavaliere!"

The Colonel's face grew purple at the mention of that name. He called Clelia and myself to his side and putting his arms around us, looked fixedly at the door by which Salvati was to enter. His arrival was preceded by a loud noise outside; he was evidently scolding and swearing at the unfortunate porter for keeping him waiting. At last the door flew open—there stood the Cavaliere, as if rooted to the ground.

"What are these . . . people doing here?" he said, in a commanding tone. Suddenly catching sight of Clelia, he moderated his voice:

"Ah! I see—the Signorina—who—"

"Come nearer—nearer, I say!" said the Colonel, his voice sounding harsh and husky.

Salvati stepped in. On seeing me, he fixed his eyes upon me and grew ashy pale.

"Il Tedesco! . . . Il Tedesco!" he muttered.

"Come nearer—nearer still!" said the Colonel. "This is my granddaughter,

henceforth the sole heiress of all I possess, inasmuch as I have but just destroyed the will once made in your favor; and this gentleman, the friend of my poor son, is her betrothed—do you remember him? Why don't you come forward to congratulate them—hm?"

And presently pushing us gently aside, the old man raised himself to his full height, went firmly up to the Cavaliere and looked him straight in the face.

"Ha!" he said, "I cower before your sinister looks no longer, you see—hm? Have you another of your lying stories ready to tell me, *how my son insulted me in a public café* and how you. . . you stepped up to defend me; how he struck you, because you wished him to be silent; how you made every effort to spare his life; how

your trembling hand was unable to take a steady aim, and how by a mere accident, or as you miserable hypocrite called it, by the hand of Providence was he slain, who had basely slandered his father — hm? Where is your eloquence now? You remain silent, Cavaliere? Have you no answer to make? Gentlemen," said the Colonel, looking at each of us in turn, "this creature is the basest villain in all the land!"

And turning quickly around, he struck the Cavaliere a blow across the face.

"The son struck you first!" he shouted madly; "next he, who was one day to be the son's son — and now the dying father! It is the chastisement of the Ginozzi for . . . yes, for the most infamous scoundrel in all Italy!"

He covered his face with both hands and sat there a picture of heart-rending grief. Suddenly he jumped up again and exclaimed:

"The most infamous scoundrel — he? no — I lied! I am the greater scoundrel of the two, for having believed his venomous tongue!"

If we had not caught him in our arms, he would undoubtedly have fallen to the floor. Pushing us aside, he straightened his tall form a last time and in a voice, which made us shudder, said:

"Salviati! Demon! May you be accursed forever, and may you die childless, solitary and forsaken!"

He fainted away, while the Cavaliere stole from the room.

Clelia nursed the broken-hearted old man for only a few days; he died calmly in our arms. His iron will was completely shattered; he cried like a child, when the gentle hands of his granddaughter prepared him a soothing draught. His last dying request was to be buried in Ponte Decimo by the side of his son.

A few days after the Colonel's death, Beppo Mangini came to me.

"Signore," he said in his usual manner, "will you be so good as to give me a certificate respecting my conduct while in your service. I require it to show to the Chief of police."

"I shall go to him myself, Beppo," I replied, "and tell him all about you."

"Thanks, Signore. You will also find

there the security, which you deposited and which will be promptly returned to you."

"In that case, Beppo, you had better go yourself. For inasmuch as I consider those one hundred napoleons yours, and fairly earned at that, you certainly will not expect me, to call for them for you."

His protestations of gratitude lasted more than ten minutes, after which he left me, informing me before he went, that Salviati had left the city that same night; most probably for Leghorn, where his mother and sister awaited his return.

XII.

YEARS have rolled by since the occurrence of the events, which I have been relating to the reader. The curse of the dying Colonel has terribly fulfilled itself.

Salviati, having been deprived of the expected rich inheritance, took to gambling in stocks, sometimes winning, more frequently however losing heavily, so heavily in fact, that his social position became a more precarious one day by day. He was finally accused of forgery; and when one day the police entered his apartments for the purpose of arresting him, he put an end to his life by blowing out his brains with a pistol.

Did the wretch remember the Colonel's last words in his last moments?

His mother had died before him. Paula, through the intercession of Fra Angiolo, had found a refuge as a novice in a convent. The kind-hearted monk is still living; he looks longingly forward to the day of his delivery.

As regards myself. . . .

Does the kind reader remember the beautiful castles-in-the-air, which I built while seated in the coupé, in which I followed my Clelia on her journey from Turin to Genoa?

They have all taken tangible form — all of them! I am living so happily with my lovely and beloved wife, as not to have thought even of taking a single journey during the five years of our married life.

For one, who has seen nearly one half of the world, there is no place like home! And *how* happy one can be at home, only he fully realizes, who has spent the best part of his life on the high roads and who, like myself, thoroughly understands the art of travelling! —

EDWIN M. STANTON.

AT a memorial meeting of the Union League Club, New York, held Dec. 30, speeches were made by William Cullen Bryant and others. We copy that by the Rev. Dr. Bellows, from *The New York Evening Post*.

Nothing but my respect for the urgent wishes of the Union League Club, communicated to me by the committee who waited on me with the request, would induce me to appear as one of those who, to-night, are to give voice to the reverence and gratitude of this patriotic body for the great and glorious services, the pure and exalted patriotism, the tempted and tried, yet spotless, character of Edwin M. Stanton. Not only have I no claim, from long personal intimacy or special acquaintance, to speak of him, but I might be pronounced by Mr. Stanton himself, were his shade permitted to wave a forbiddance, disqualified for the friendly office. For, although favoured with his affectionate and confidential acquaintance for a short period after he came into office, I had the misfortune to fall into a serious misunderstanding with him at a very early period of his official career, which embarrassed and complicated my duties as the head of the United States Sanitary Commission, and closed my personal relation with the Secretary for the residue of the war, and indeed, of his life. My favourable testimony, therefore, is at least that of an unimpeachable witness and as I am not a volunteer on this platform, I trust that those who enjoyed his confidence and friendship will think it some compensation for the eulogies of love, that they hear the cooler praises of justice — the expression of that compulsory gratitude which even personal grievances could neither extinguish nor dim.

And yet, perhaps it may be an offset to the only sort of unfavourable criticism which Mr. Stanton's memory is likely to encounter in respectable quarters — namely, that of having had brusque and violent manners, and strong and rancorous prejudices — to say that no man ever had greater excuses for them, or, on the whole, turned them to a better account. At the time he took the War Office the chief peril of the country lay in the gentle and complying temper of great officials; the corrupting influences brought to bear upon their personal sensibilities; the concessions made to private claims and impulses at a moment when the opportunities of office and the optional reading of its rules by officials involved the making and losing of vast for-

tunes for others; when banks, railroad companies, corporations of all kinds, and factories and industrial interests of all sorts, were by those agents besieging every department of the government, and using every kind of personal wheedling, and straining every partisan and political nerve to save themselves from ruin, or to avail themselves of some connection with the vast expenditures of the government to make their fortunes.

At such a time, we wanted not courtiers and dilettanti in modes and manners, in the chief seats of power and patronage; but rather prompt, severe, stern and decided men — who forgot friendship, set aside personal feelings, acknowledged no private claims — ignored their own personal yearnings, and administered their overwhelming duties and cares in the crisp, curt style with which a trip hammer settles the momentary conditions of the hot iron submitted to its blows. The sparks will fly, and the skin will blister, and the hands will bleed; but these are the conditions of the forge. Was ever a public man in this country placed in a position of such oppressive responsibility, surrounded with equal personal temptations and trials, in need of a stouter vizor, or justified in wearing a more porcupine skin, than the Secretary of War during the height of the rebellion?

He was beset alike by the smothering assiduities of the philanthropic, the unnerving counsels of the timid, the hypocritical profifers of the greedy and selfish, the insidious claims of personal partiality, the banded conspiracies of industrial corporations or class-interests, the pushing of practiced partisan cliques, the overriding of Congressional committees, the abuse of portions of the public press, the imperfect sympathy of colleagues, the antecedents of the War Office, with its bureaus headed by veteran red-tapists, tottering with decorous formality through duties which required the expansive enthusiasm of hopeful youth and teachable manhood — the wide-eyed vision of men born of the great hour, and with the whirlwind in their blood and the lightning in their eyes — not the timid gaze of blear and expiring experience, an experience of trifles, which, with spectacles on the nose, looks at the storm through a knot-hole, and seeks to guide it with a few yards of tape-string.

Were we to anticipate the manners of Sir Charles Grandison, in the man who was to fill a station like this at an hour like that? Not Cerberus himself at the gate of Hades or the mouth of Acheron needed the deep growl, the snarling teeth or the many

hands that kept the imprisoned shades in hell more than the Secretary needed them all to keep impostors, thieves, cowards and bad advisers out of the War Department, which lead by a short avenue to the Treasury, and by both paths to the breaking heart of the nation.

At the time Mr. Stanton came to the War Office there were just two things disastrously, almost fatally, lacking in the conduct of the war. First, a governmental sympathy with that half-blind, half-feeling, but instinctive sense of its desperate magnitude and fatality, which was struggling to get expression in the great loyal American people—a feeling so much earlier and more completely realized in the South—but which was long prevented by the foregone habits and usages of our public men, and specially our high officials, from getting itself installed in the heart and policy of the government. It was not a thing for reason, or logic, or calculation to deal with! It could be felt and acted upon only by genius; by the force of a temperament, fed at the national fire and inspired from the popular instincts. Mr. Stanton was a civilian who had had so short an experience of public office that his nomination took the whole nation by surprise, and filled all but the knowing few with regret and despair! I recollect, a day or two afterward, going in the company of Judge Pierrepont to Washington, and hearing him pronounce, to his anxious and disappointed fellow-travellers, who asked, "Who is E. M. Stanton?" this prophecy; "A man who in six months' time will be the chief power in this government." So little at that time had Mr. Stanton been known or felt in the country at large, so unhackneyed was he in politics, so unharnessed in governmental drill, so fresh and direct from the people, and so closely in sympathy with their profound but yet inarticulate feelings, that he alone carried into the government the passionate earnestness of their sense of peril, and their sense of power, the fury of their wrath at the traitors who were resolved on our national ruin, and the *abandon* which pledged themselves, their children, their fortunes and their honour to any measure or policy by which the national life could be saved and the honour of the flag kept untarnished. But no habits of the civilian alone could have equipped Mr. Stanton for the all-important service! His preparation was in his nature and temperament.

"He was not of that strain of counsellors
That, like a tuft of rushes in a brook,
Bends every way the current turns itself."

Of Virginian parentage, he had enough of her hot blood in his veins to understand that the quarrel with the South was "to the death," and enough of her fierce and self-devoted spirit to meet her advances with a sword as sharp and thrusting as her own. He loved his country with the ardour of a bridegroom, and hated her enemies with the godly jealousy of a husband for the rival in a wife's affection. It was no cold, calculating patriotism that could consider the advantages and disadvantages of disunion or a compromise, that was wanted in the government or in the country then, but a passionate devotion, a hot, fierce, one-sided, terrible earnestness, such as would burn through opposition, fire the lukewarm, consume the doubts and fears of the wavering, and melt into a lava stream of volcanic fury the party-elements, the business hesitations, the personal waverings, the philosophic misgivings, the "can'ts" and "won'ts" of the moderate and the mild, the self-styled waiters on Providence, and the logic of events.

There are times when passion—noble, godlike, infinite passion, that lets the force of the hurricane into the channels of human affairs, and multiplies, by an infinite factor, the fractional and limited powers of calculation and reason—can alone work the saving miracles by which the souls of nations and the life of states are saved. Who could look on the pale, scholarly visage rising above the broad shoulders of that great Secretary, and not perceive that the white heat of a devouring passion for his country and her cause was giving vent to the national volcano through his Titanic soul, and that the crushing, rushing fury of the national devotion and self-abandonment was finding its first full outlet and expression in his character and his policy? And oh! how rare is that divine anger, that impersonal fury, that becomes the greatest causes, and leads to the results of such lives as Luther's and Cromwell's.

What is it the American people lack so much as reasons for a faith in the deep, self-forgetting earnestness and consecration of their public men? Make them absolutely sure that their statesmen and rulers love their country, their God, their duty better than themselves, and they will forsake all—party, self-interest, pride and policy—yes, forsake all, and follow them! But do we remember what this earnestness and passion implied in Mr. Stanton? It was marked with two qualities, which, in my own brief intimacy with him, stood out in the most vivid and affecting relief, and they were, perhaps, the last traits you would expect to find in such a man, although I be-

lieve they are nearly universal in the highest natures — tenderness and sadness. Beneath Mr. Stanton's robust and stern bosom dwelt a softness and gentleness of heart which made him the idol of his home and the object of a passionate devotion from his personal friends. I shall never forget the way he took me in his embrace, almost the first time we met, as if, in his own home, and before an unworldly profession, his official reserves were all gladly and irresistibly dropped, and he could indulge the luxury of love.

His external manners were the rough rind of his tender heart. Rather than against others he protected himself against himself — the relatings of his gentle spirit, the perilous softenings of his soul — by the iron mail of a brusque and cold carriage. The betrayer he most feared was in his own heart, and that made his eye and his brow discharge their amenity, to hide from the world the place where he alone was vulnerable. Mr. Lincoln — let his name never be publicly named without honor and reverence — had not a gentler heart than Mr. Stanton, and it was their common tenderness that melted them together and made them one through the war. I should not have been surprised at any time to have found them locked in each other's arms and kissing like girls after a day's struggle to be stern and cold in the great and never-ceasing conflict with the enfeebling seductions of a betraying public. But Mr. Stanton had a higher mark of greatness, because of a diviner type — sadness — the sadness of souls that feel all the loneliness of their unshared responsibility; the greatness of their ideal shaming the best accomplishments; their yearning for sympathy, backed by the necessary, unconquerable superiority and elevation of their views, so that they are dwarfed by the distance in which they leave others behind them, and made solitary and lonely by the heights they attain. There was an almost tragic sadness on Mr. Stanton's face.

"With grave

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care."

It was not like the sadness on Mr. Lincoln's countenance, which resembled that face that was "more marred than any man." The President was ploughed and furrowed with sorrow, till his face looked like the sea after a storm when the winds are hushed, but the waves still roll, and the gray clouds make them leaden and sad. But Mr. Stanton's sadness was that of the midnight em-

bers, which shows fire slumbering beneath the ashes — ashes which disappointments, griefs, misunderstandings, abuse, delays, have heaped up, but which, gray and silent, hide unconquerable flames in their bosom! I must leave others to speak of the other points, in which we lacked most and were supplied by him — administrative skill and energy, the largeness and promptness and many-sided activity of the great War Secretary's administration. I will not say he brought the native American genius for administration into the War office, because, great as Americans show themselves in the management of their private concerns, they have yet to prove their superior talent for public administration — executive genius being yet rare. But Mr. Stanton had it, and he showed on a public scale just the qualities which our greatest merchants and leaders of corporations exhibited in their private business.

He was as clear and prompt, and all-knowing and omnipresent in the department as Mr. Stewart is in his mercantile establishment. But all his patience of details, his untiring energy and ceaseless labors, would have been of little avail without the personal character he brought to the work. Of great solidity and compactness of frame, thought, care and sorrow had refined his face and softened his flowing beard, and purified his complexion, till he looked the image of a scholar pale from serious and sacred studies. Temperate in the extreme, he seemed to live from meat and drink unlike that of other men, and to keep his body under with almost saintly vigor. When I first knew him he was already an invalid, and an object of solicitude to his family and his physician, although he repelled sympathy, and even seemed annoyed at inquiries about his health — a pretty sure sign of a consciousness that all is not right. He worked when he could not eat, and his invalid-hours seemed equal to other men's best; for he lived from his soul, and not from his body. It was the "*aliquid immensum infinitumque*" in him which supplied all that physical strength or exhausted nerves or a weary brain denied.

Just so long as the country and the cause required him he was equal to anything and everything, and postponed sickness, weariness, and almost self-consideration of any kind to the hour when he would not be missed. To his pure hands, there did not stick traitorously one piece of silver. Nobody not too black to receive a new stain has dared to hint a suspicion of his integrity. Oh, how great, how fortunate the lot which that noble patriot has enjoyed and sup-

ported! While mere military glory may decline or suffer deductions from the sober estimates of history, who does not know and feel that Mr. Stanton's fame has only begun to glow, and that rays, beautiful and warm as they are, which within one week, have been shining in consecrated splendor about his bier and hardly closed grave, will gather in history into a sun that will fill distant ages and climes with the perfume and the glory of his deeds and his name. If, like another Elijah, he had ascended in a chariot of flame, it would have fitly symbolized his career; for he guided the burning wheels of the national wrath, organized

its fury, inspired its course, witnessed its victory, declined its rewards, and almost shrunk from its honors; and because we could not pay him for all this God took him to His own keeping, and may be trusted to requite our hopeless debt. Of Mr. Lincoln and his great counsellor and close companion in the war that made the nation great in itself, and in their pure and precious characters, may we not say as Sir Walter Scott said of Fox and Pitt:

"Speak not for those a separate doom
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb,
But, search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again."

From The Boston Daily Advertiser.
JANE AUSTEN.

AN octogenarian nephew of Jane Austen, — an English clergyman who half a century ago attended his aunt's funeral in Winchester Cathedral, — has been prevailed upon to write a brief memoir of his relative, and a pleasant book it is to all who appreciate the delicious quality of Miss Austen's works. She lived just that quiet, even life which her stories describe, spending the first twenty-five years, or more than half her life, in her father's parsonage in a little Hampshire village. She was very attractive in person, and fascinated those who knew her, but never seems to have been in love. Neither by correspondence nor by personal intercourse was she known to any contemporary author, and it was not till the last of the works she saw published was in the press, that she received the only mark of "distinction" ever bestowed on her, namely, a message from the Prince Regent that she was at liberty to dedicate a novel to him! Her first attempts at publishing were very discouraging. "Pride and Prejudice" was summarily declined; "Northanger Abbey" was sold to a publisher for ten pounds; it lay in MS. in the man's drawers for years, and was then bought back by her brother. Happily she wrote for her own amusement, money not being necessary for the expenses of her home. One wishes she could have known what eminent people were thinking of her. Southey says: — "Her novels are more true to nature, and have, for my sympathies, passages of finer feeling than any others of this age." Coleridge burst out

in encomiums; Sir J. Mackintosh, Guizot, Dr. Whewell, Sydney Smith, and Sir Walter Scott, — all, in various ways, have expressed their highest admiration for her books; and Lord Macaulay intended, had he lived, to write her memoir, with criticisms on her works, to prefix it to a new edition of her novels, and from the proceeds of the sale to erect a monument to her memory in Winchester Cathedral.

Thirty-five years after her death, her brother, Sir Francis Austen, received a letter from this side of the Atlantic, dated "Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A., 6th January, 1852," which is printed in the memoir, assuring the family that the influence of Jane Austen's genius was extensively recognized in the Republic. Mr. Chief Justice Marshall and Mr. Justice Story are specially mentioned as having been her admirers. A few lines in her handwriting are asked for. The communication ended in the following terms: — "The family who delight in the companionship of Jane Austen, and who present this petition, are of English origin. Their ancestor held a high rank among the first emigrants to New England, and his name and character have been ably represented by his descendants in various public stations of trust and responsibility to the present time, in the colony and State of Massachusetts. A letter addressed to Miss Quincy, care of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Boston, Massachusetts, would reach its destination." Sir Francis Austen sent a long letter of his sister's, which the biographer has no doubt still occupies the place of honor promised by the Quincy family.

From The Spectator.

HEINE'S REMAINS.*

HEINE, in one of the more valuable of these crumbs of table-talk or literary jottings which Herr Strodtmann has so carefully swept together to fill out this small volume, remarks that Paracelsus had proposed to classify flowers by their odours, and remarks how much more ingenious and original such a classification would be than Linnæus's, which classified them by the stamens. And he goes on to suggest that it would not be by any means absurd to classify authors too by their odours, himself suggesting only two classes by way of hint, — those who smell of tobacco, and those who smell of onions. Perhaps the suggestion partly proceeded from some feeling that in that case his own writings would stand apart in a class of their own, now reminding us of the delicious fragrance of the violet, now of the intolerable stench of the common sewer which strikes on the nerves something like a physical blow; and then again losing at once both fragrance and foul odour, to reek as strongly of blood as ever did the sword of the soldier, the duellist, or the assassin, — for in turn Heine in his moods of literary rage seems to have been all three. These remains are, to any genuine critic of this wonderful poet, better worth reading, we think, than the English reviewers have hitherto represented them. They contain, indeed, very few indeed of the poet's exquisite lyrics, — very many of those bitter bits of mockery which are half-scorn for man and half-triumph over his own exposure of men's carnality, — diabolic gestures of foul meaning such as those whereby Mephistopheles throws cold water on the burning feelings of Faust; and not a few, again, of such fierce epigrammatic thrusts at his political contemporaries as simply evinced the poet's profound scorn for every political phenomenon in this world except revolutionary power, whether democratic or absolutist. Heine was, in fact, a virulent political and religious atheist; he could not brook the respect for laws and limits, whether political or religious, and for that very reason the deepest pathos of his poetry was a wail over the sense of limit, — a "lyrical cry," which came from the very depths of a most tender but fiercely insubordinate nature, and accused and mocked every element in the universe, itself included, for the weakness of the human heart. He delighted in grossness and nakedness rather as modes

of revenging himself for the degradation of that which he had felt to be noblest, than as mere audacities of a sensual imagination which would respect no human restraint or reserve, however deeply rooted in our minds. Heine's poetry ranges from the loveliest of wails to the most discordant of shrieks, and his prose, so far as it is not picture-painting, is for the most part devoted to giving a loose epigrammatic form to the theory by which he attempted to justify and interpret the spirit of his poetry. This volume, as is perhaps not unnatural in a volume of remains from which Heine had in his lifetime selected what he thought most worthy of publication, contains the lees of his thoughts and feelings, — the bitterest dregs of his revolutionary heart on all topics, and not unfrequently this bitterness is destitute of the power of his prime. But still it does contain too many flashes of that naked sword which always seemed to be brandished in his hand, to be read without interest. One of the most curious little pieces of this volume is the following prose rhapsody, headed "Hymnus," which we translate literally, not for its poetry, which is worthless, — for Heine was no Ossian, — but for its autobiographic truth: —

"I am the sword, I am the flame;

"I have shone upon you in the twilight, and when the battle began I fought before you in the first line.

"Round about me lie the corpses of my friends, but we have conquered. We have conquered, but round about lie the corpses of my friends. Under the exultant songs of triumph there wail the notes of funeral grief. But we have time neither for joy nor lamentation. The trumpets sound anew. There is new battle at hand.

"I am the sword, I am the flame."

And he *was* a sword and flame, though the sword was often cruel, and the flame almost always withering. You feel that a mind of wonderful power is rarely bare before you in every page of Heine as you read, and though many of its inmost thoughts are simply revolting, though many are savage, and all are inexpressibly hopeless, there is nothing in this book to give any fresh shock to anyone who knew Heine thoroughly as he appears in his other works, not a little to add to the vividness of our personal impression of this wonderful and terrible man, and a little that if it does not exactly add to his poetical reputation, yet does add to the poetical treasure with which he has enriched the world.

We need not touch upon the gross part of Heine, of which there is a great deal

* *Letzte Gedichte und Gedanken von Heinrich Heine.* Aus den Nachlass des Dichters zum ersten Male veröffentlicht. Hamburg. 1899.

too much in this book, a great deal which is not justified by any gleam of intellectual genius at all. We regard it as proceeding, in him, chiefly from a sort of malice against human feeling—his own feelings in particular, which he knew to be at once tender and gross, pitiful and selfish, spiritual and brutal,—and he never could desist from taunting the better element in these feelings by the scoffing exposure of the satyr beneath. But of his vindictive derision of all religious and political faith this volume contains some virulent expressions. Take the following notes on religious philosophy which are placed in succession and are clearly continuous,—and let no one read them who shrinks from blasphemy, for Heine could not express his intense atheism without grinding his teeth in a fashion that suggests rather hatred of a God he could hardly help recognizing, than utter disbelief in one he had failed to find:—

“The thought of the personality of God as Spirit is precisely as absurd as coarse anthropomorphism; for spiritual attributes mean nothing, and are ridiculous, without bodily. — The God of the best spiritualists is a sort of air-exhausted space in the kingdom of Thought, lighted by Love, which, again, is a light reflected back from the world of sense. — The angel who paints caricatures is an image of the Pantheist who carries his God in his own breast. — Necessity of Deism; He and Louis Philippe are Both of them necessary, He is the Louis Philippe of Heaven.”

Or take this vulgar outbreak of intense and malignant political scorn for a man who was infinitely Heine's superior in political insight, M. Louis Blanc,—a scorn arising in precisely the same source as his insatiable admiration for Napoleon, and also we believe, in precisely the same source as his hatred of divine law,—namely, a passion for the naked flashes of arbitrary will, for *coups d'état* morally and politically, and a thorough dislike of the non-possumus which springs from spiritual self-limitation in any form:—

“I had never been able to look at his little head without being seized by a certain astonishment, not because I felt any wonder for the much knowledge of the little man, — no, on the contrary he is entirely destitute of all science; much rather I marvelled how in such a mite of a head so much nescience could find room; I never understood how this *borne* diminutive skull was able to enclose those colossal masses of ignorance which he dealt out in so rich, nay, prodigal, a plentitude on every occasion, — there showed itself the Omnipotence of God.”

That seems to us as vulgar as it is false and ferocious. No mind not capable of

utter vulgarity would dwell so maliciously on a low stature; indeed, if any one had ridiculed it in Heine's own idol, Napoleon, Heine would have held him up to withering as well as just contempt. What he really hated in the Provisional Government of 1848 was its perhaps even too magnanimous and certainly too fastidious self-limitation, — its abstinence from great sensational assertions of power. Heine entertained the same violent hatred for Wellington, partly for the same reason. He exulted in the proclamation of the Second Empire, on the ground that it undid the work of Waterloo. “The consequences,” he wrote, in that tone of malice which in Heine, in spite of his great genius, was so often utterly vulgar, “of such a rehabilitation are infinite, and will certainly be wholesome for all the peoples of Europe,—especially for the Germans. It is only a pity that so many of the old Waterloo heroes have not lived to see this time. Their Achilles, the Duke of Wellington, had a sort of foretaste of it, and at the last Waterloo dinner which he celebrated with his myrmidons on the anniversary of the battle, it is said that his appearance was more miserable and caterwauling (*katzenjämmerlicher*) than ever. Soon afterwards, too, he went to the dogs [Heine uses the contemptuous and vulgar word “*verreckt*,” oftener used of brutes than of men], and John Bull stands beside his grave, scratching his ears and grumbling ‘So I have saddled myself in vain with that monstrous burden of debt which compels me to work like a galley-slave,—what use to me now is the battle of Waterloo?’ Yes, that battle has now lost its former injurious significance, and Waterloo is now only the name of a lost battle, nothing more, nothing less, just like Creçy and Agincourt, or, to talk German, just like Jena and Austerlitz.” It is hardly possible to express political malice against the cause of those who were intent on binding the arms of Napoleon and of the representative hero of the cause, with more violence and more vulgarity. When Heine was not in his lyrical mood, you find no trace of a poetical nature except the violence of the fever to which his blood was subject. Curiously enough, with all his hatred of the limited and constitutional class of statesmen, he is comparatively polite to Guizot. In this book he says of him merely that his most prominent characteristic is his pride. “When he gets to heaven and comes to the dear God, he will compliment the latter on having created him so well.”

But though there are worse and more detestable things in this book than any we

have touched on, there are many better too. The lines headed "Where?" on the place of his burial, are sweet with the fullest lyrical sweetness of his exquisite songs. The longer poem called "Remembrance" has a power of passion in it he has rarely surpassed. The sketch of the voyage of discovery undertaken by Ponce de Leon, first Governor of Cuba, in search of Bimini—the island where the waters of perpetual youth are to be found, has a quaint and rich picturesqueness quite in the vein of his "Pictures of Travel;" and there are one or two both of the mocking and the earnest love-poems that are worthy of Heine's best days. Take this, for a specimen of the former kind:—

<p>"Das macht den Menschen glücklich Das macht den Menschen en matt, Wenn er drei sehrschöne Geliebten Und nur zwei Beine hat.</p>	<p>"It makes a fellow happy. It flags a fellow out, To have, with three fair sweethearts, But two legs to run about.</p>
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<p>"Der Einen lauf ich des Morgens Der Andern des Abends nach; Die dritte kommt zu mir des Mittags Wohl unter mein eigenes Dach.</p>	<p>"To one I trudge before noon, To one I trudge at eve, The third comes to me at midday Without a 'by your leave.'</p>
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<p>"Lebt wohl ihr drei Geliebten Ich hab' zwei Beine nur, Ich will in ländlicher Stille</p>	<p>"Farewell, ye three dear sweethearts! Two legs, no more, have I,— I go to the quiet country,</p>
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Genossen die schöne Natur." On Nature's lap to lie."

We will give one specimen of Heine's finer and more truly lyrical vein,—where he contests the ground even with Goethe, and certainly surpasses him in passionate pathos,—though in poems of this kind the "Remains" are by no means rich. The following, the last of a series headed "Kitty," has the real touch of the poet:—

<p>"Das Glück das gestern mich gekusst Ist heute schon zerronnen, Und treue Liebe hab' ich nie Auf lange Zeit gewonnen.</p>	<p>"The joy that kissed me yesterday Is fled already now, No true love have I ever won Long constant to its vow.</p>
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<p>"Die Neugier hat wohl manches Weib In meinen Arm gezogen, Hat sie mir mal ins Herz geschaut Ist sie davon geflogen.</p>	<p>"A dubious spell has drawn to me Women, aye, many a one, But as each gazes in my heart, She gazes and is gone!</p>
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<p>"Die eine lachte eh' sie ging, Die andre that erblasen; Nur Kitty weinte bitterlich Bevor sie mich verlasen."</p>	<p>"And one would laugh before she went, And one turn ashy white; But Kitty wept a bitter flood Before she took her flight."</p>
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That seems to us to have the true pathos and sweetness of Heine in it, such pathos and such sweetness as no other poet known to us throws in equal measure into his lyrics. Were they but all thus.

Roma Sotterranea; or, Some Account of the Roman Catacombs.—By the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D. D., and the Rev. W. B. Brownlow, M.A. (Longmans.)—This is a volume of very great interest, compiled from the works of the well-known authority on all matters concerning the Catacombs, the Commendatore de Rossi. It opens with an admirable account of what has been done for the subject in former times. This is followed by a general description of the Catacombs (which De Rossi thinks are not to be identified with the *arenarie* of ancient Rome), and by a specially noteworthy account of the "Social and Religious Position of the First Roman Christians." Few things are more suggestive of speculations as to what *might have been* than the fact of the strong hold which Christianity seems to have taken of the Flavian family. It is quite possible that had the vengeance which fell upon Domitian overtaken him somewhat earlier, a Christian might have mounted the Imperial throne. A history of the Catacombs follows, and there is an account of the profoundly interesting remains which cover their walls; in

following this description the reader is assisted by copious illustrations. The subject is far too large for us to enter upon here, and we can but commend the book to our readers. It touches, of course, upon many controverted points; it is in a sense, in fact, a controversial book. We have no fault to find with it on this account, nor is its tone in anywise objectionable. To our notions, of course, it seems wholly unorthodox. A Roman writer must, of course, take it for granted that St. Peter was at Rome; nor do we care to quarrel with the statement that St. Paul and St. John were buried in their own house on the Cælian, though it is made with the same air with which one writes that Julius Cæsar was assassinated in the Senate House. But it is a serious matter, when a whole mass of matter referring to the early Roman Church, of which it is scarcely too much to say that it is historically worthless, is used without a comment,—when the *Liber Pontificalis*, for instance, is treated as if it were as authentic as the *Annual Register*.

Spectator.

From The Spectator.

MR. FROUDE'S QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

THE real test by which the merit of these two volumes must ultimately be decided is the accuracy of the view they suggest of Queen Elizabeth's character. If that is admitted, they are valuable contributions to the history of England; if that is denied, they are pamphlets of extraordinary length and merit, nearly perfect in style and full of original information, but still pamphlets, one-sided arguments intended to place in the strongest light but a portion of the truth. We are reluctant to say positively that they are pamphlets, because we cannot bring to the criticism of Mr. Froude's work a knowledge of the special facts and documents in the least degree comparable to his, but that is the impression which his work will leave upon ordinary readers. It would be folly for the writer to follow the general practice of reviewers, and declare that this letter was possibly spurious, and the deduction from that had been overstrained, because in nine cases out of ten his argument would only be of value if his knowledge were greater than Mr. Froude's, which is true, perhaps, of no one, and certainly not true of him. All that he can attempt is to state the impression Mr. Froude's work makes upon a man not prejudiced in favour of Queen Elizabeth, and familiar both with ordinary history and with European politics, and that impression is decidedly unfavourable. The general effect of the two volumes seems to us unfair, unfair as a portrait would be which left on the spectator's mind a general recollection of huge moles. Owning partly to his mode of treatment, his habit of writing as if his mental eyes were always applied to a microscope through which everything looked large, Mr. Froude has brought the foibles of Elizabeth, her vanity, her avarice, and her vacillation about trifles, into such relief, that her character seems made up of those defects, and the great Queen sinks down into an unusually weak and disagreeable woman, a character of all others the furthest from that preserved by an unbroken stream of tradition, a tradition which, though certainly not evidence as against facts, is evidence until the proportion of those facts is fully ascertained. That these defects existed, we should be the last, after studying Mr. Froude's annals, to deny; but we question strongly whether, on his own showing, they were more than defects, whether they made up, or even seriously impaired, the general

character of the Queen, which was essentially that of a Tudor sovereign,—that is, of a self-willed ruler with absolutist tendencies, but a clear brain, a high spirit, a fixed resolution that every interest except her own should be postponed to that of the people whom she ruled, and an occasional blindness as to the line of demarcation between her people's interests and her own.

For example, it is perhaps the most frequent of Mr. Froude's charges against Elizabeth that she was avaricious or even mean, that she could not bear to spend, that she starved her best servants, sent out expeditions half provided, and very nearly gave the victory to the Armada to save some trifle of treasure. That the granddaughter of Henry VII. was mean, was over-solicitous for the condition of her treasury, and over-suspicious of plunder, is doubtless true, but Mr. Froude does not allow sufficient force to her exceptional position. Like her grandfather and father, Elizabeth reigned during the time when the feudal system was dying and yet had not been replaced by new machinery; when a necessity for State expenditure had grown up, but no equal revenue to meet it. There was, as before, a need of troops, but the nobles could not be commanded to furnish them at their own cost alone. There was, as before, a need of ships, but the towns could not be ordered to supply them without pay. There was, as before, a need of service, but the nobles no longer esteemed it a privilege to defray all the charges they incurred. The Sovereign required a Treasury, and there was next to nothing to fill it with. Henry VII. met the difficulty by reselling to his landowners perfect titles at exorbitant rates, thereby nearly driving the armed class into one more insurrection. Henry VIII. took the estates of the Church, and like the modern democracies who have tried the same expedient, found that they wasted in his hands, that the actual cash receipt was extremely small. Elizabeth, with an increased necessity, had nothing or very little to get from the land, thought direct taxation inexpedient or impossible, and had to meet a difficulty before which the modern Governments of Europe, with all their scientific appliances, are halting in perplexity. Throughout her reign the value of specie was falling at an unexampled rate. All prices were rising, every year the wage for the same service increased, and she, a woman of thrift, fought, as she thought, against plunder, and fought in the modern way, by refusing unauthorized outlay, by in fact putting the clerks above the fighters, and attending first of all to expense. Being,

* *The History of England.* By J. A. Froude. Vols. XI. and XII. London: Longmans.

as Mr. Froude allows, incapable of fear to a degree which almost involved an intellectual incapacity — no uncommon failing in strong characters — and having, for reasons absolutely inconsistent with much of his portrait, a profound confidence in the attachment of her people, she trusted to volunteer effort to a degree which now looks mean, but which in her own time, we suspect, struck her people as not unreasonable. The old idea of the duty of service was not quite extinct. If Lord Howard of Effingham had to spend his own money in her service, what then? What was he Lord and Admiral for, except to undertake responsibilities for the State? The volunteer fleet which she trusted, while she only half accredited it, never lost a battle or failed in an expedition. Her volunteer Admiral, whom she had the pluck, amidst all her nobles, to put at the head of her Navy, turned it out in such a condition that Mr. Froude cannot conceal his admiration, and with unconscious quaintness exults more than once in the capacity of the vessels for keeping afloat in a high wind. That she carried her policy to excess — more especially in the preparations for resisting the Armada, which, for a reason to be suggested by and by, she partially disbelieved in — is true; but that is no proof that it was not policy, that she had not deliberately resolved that *parsimonia est summum vectigal*, that it was better to run any risk rather than that of an empty treasury, and of the consequent reinvigoration of Parliamentary power. And for that, among other reasons, England thrived, and her subjects regarded her with an affection which nothing ever shook, except the taxation which, in ignorance of political economy, she subsequently imposed through the sale of the manufacturing privileges called monopolies. Frederick the Great was as mean as ever she was, as ready to throw burdens on anybody who would bear them; but he was a great ruler, nevertheless. It is noteworthy that, although greedy of money to the end of her reign, she was, after the defeat of the Armada had made England secure, much more ready to spend it.

Then as to her vacillation. That apparently she "vacillated," both as to her marriage and as to her position as head of the Protestant cause, is true; but is there any one act in her life inconsistent with the most determined policy on these two points? Let us imagine, for one moment, that she had determined — either for general reasons, or, as Mr. Froude suggests, for love of a man, Leicester, whom she was too wise to marry — that she never would marry at

all, but that she would use the possibility of her marriage as an engine of State policy, and where is her vacillation in that matter? Is it not true that hope and fear of such an occurrence repeatedly brought allies to her side, and daunted or paralyzed her enemies? Is it not true that Philip to the very last was reluctant to break finally with her, so reluctant that Sextus Quintus taunted the Spanish Ambassador with his master's faintheartedness, and told him his Armada was a mere menace to compel the Queen to make peace.

We believe that taunt was well founded, that Philip, with his intensely tenacious mind, never lost sight of his dream of bringing England into cordial alliance with his Continental policy, an alliance which would, in an instant, have given him the one advantage essential to his designs — the mastery of the sea — an alliance which every exploit in the Spanish Main made him more instead of less desirous to obtain. Philip being in that one respect so far ahead of his age that he respected his enemies for being so efficient. The idea seems to modern Englishmen absurd, but we believe that Philip had reason for it; that from the day of her accession to the day when she ordered the medal to be struck for the defeat of the Armada, Elizabeth never had but one policy, — that she would be the independent Sovereign of a separate people, reigning by divine right. If she could hold that position apart from the world, — well, that was her father's plan; if not, she would rejoin the world, declare England Catholic — as she might have done at any moment in the first half of her reign, without internal resistance — rejoin the general system, make peace with Philip, and see all questions as to her title at once swept away by a Papal decree. Mr. Froude intimates that she was one of those exalted beings who think all religions pretty much equal, provided civil order is maintained. We doubt it greatly. To us, Elizabeth always seems a "Gallican," in modern phrase a sovereign who believed Catholicism, and loathed puritanism, whether in England or Holland, promoting and favouring Catholic nobles, cutting off Puritan ears in England, and refusing every farthing she could refuse to the States, but believing her own right over the Church to be as lofty and as sacred as that of any Pope. She would not have had the slightest difficulty, had she thought it politically expedient, in submitting herself to Sextus, or helping Philip to put down a knot of Puritan Dutch rebels very like the Calvinistic Scotch. As it happened, expediency was all the other

way; but she wanted to rule England, not to be head of the Protestant Cause, or to build up an expensive and burdensome Continental dominion. She did not break with the States, but she always put them off with words; at heart believing that till she had seriously assisted his subjects against him peace with Philip was never impossible. Strange to say, Mr. Froude, with all his charges of vacillation, and his repeated assertions that she held all special religions to be equally fictions, admits that at heart she was a prejudiced Catholic:—

“With forbearance and judgment, the problem need not have been insoluble; unfortunately, the Queen allowed herself to be influenced by her personal dislike of the Protestants. She was forced into a Protestant policy in her relations with the Continent. She was the more determined to mould the Church at home after her own pleasure. Without the Puritans, she would long before have changed her palace for a prison, and her sceptre for a distaff. Through all her trials they had been true as steel. In times of danger she had caressed them and acknowledged a common creed with them. But she believed probably that but for the peremptoriness of Calvinism the compromises for which she had toiled would have long since given quiet to Europe. She had accepted the help of it in Scotland and Holland, but she had accepted it with steady aversion, as an unpalatable necessity. Murray, Morton, Gowrie, and Angus, had felt one after another the value of her friendship, and had Philip II. consented to distinguish between the schismatic orthodoxy of England and the heresy of the rest of Europe, she would have seen the Prince of Orange perish unmoved or have sent her own fleet to assist in coercing him into obedience.”

There may have been meanness in all that, but where was the vacillation? Or where was it in her treatment of persons? Mr. Froude says she loved Leicester through everything, and she never abandoned an adviser whom she trusted. Burghley and Walsingham addressed her constantly in language which would now be called insolent, and remained unproved her chosen councillors. Mr. Froude gives the credit of her reign to Burghley, and says “she never altered a plan of his without falling into some blunder from which it took all his genius to extricate her. Admit it, and who chose and maintained Mr. Cecil, a man whom half the nobles would willingly have hanged, who constantly lectured his Sovereign, and who, as we read his history and hers, differed radically from her upon religious matters? So far from vacillating,

we believe Queen Elizabeth, like the Czarina Catherine II., to have been one of the most determined women who ever lived, one who would sacrifice anything to a conviction, who did sacrifice herself rather than weaken her power by a mésalliance, and who very nearly sacrificed England rather than impair the sanctity of Royal blood by executing her heir presumptive, the Queen of Scots. That there was enough of mental struggle and irresolution within her to take all happiness out of her life and much geniality out of her disposition is, we have no doubt, correct; but to us there is more of pathos than of ground for reproach in this dreary picture of the great Queen, as she dropped weary into her grave:—

“In fighting out her long quarrel with Spain and building her Church system out of the broken masonry of Popery, her concluding years passed away. The great men who had upheld the throne in the days of her peril dropped one by one into the grave. Walsingham died soon after the defeat of the Armada, ruined in fortune, and weary of his ungrateful service. Hunsdon, Knollys, Burghley, Drake, followed at brief intervals, and their mistress was left by herself, standing as it seemed on the pinnacle of earthly glory, yet in all the loneliness of greatness, and unable to enjoy the honours which Burghley’s policy had won for her. The first place among the Protestant Powers, which had been so often offered her and so often refused, had been forced upon her in spite of herself. ‘She was Head of the Name,’ but it gave her no pleasure. She was the last of her race. No Tudor would sit again on the English throne. Her own sad prophecy was fulfilled, and she lived to see those whom she most trusted turning their eyes to the rising sun. Old age was coming upon her, bringing with it perhaps a consciousness of failing faculties; and solitary in the midst of splendour, and friendless among the circle of adorers who swore they lived but in her presence, she grew weary of a life which had ceased to interest her. Sickenings of a vague disease, she sought no help from medicine, and finally refused to take food. She could not rest in her bed, but sat silent on cushions, staring into vacancy with fixed and stony eyes, and so at last she died.”

A feebly vain woman, insatiate of tawdry flattery, mean, vacillating, and so untrustworthy that “she did not know what honour meant,” neither feels nor dies like that; nor do such women live three hundred years in the imagination of men to whom their creed is a superstition, their system of government an oppression, and their foreign policy unknown.

From The Spectator.
DR. BELL'S "NEW TRACKS IN NORTH AMERICA."*

DR. BELL'S work is full of interesting matter, and yet it can hardly be pronounced an interesting book. The main reason of this is apparently, that being a medical man, he was not able to resist the temptation of showing how much he had made himself of an engineer. Hence his two volumes are filled with minute details of routes, distances, gradients, levels, which not only are of comparatively little value out of the United States, and even there out of a certain class, but must in the course of a few years become, if not obsolete, yet superfluous.

Not that one would wish to suppress from the second volume that "Part IV." which treats of "the Pacific Railways." This tells how the idea of such a means of communication between ocean and ocean was first broached in 1837, how it reached Congress in 1850, took the shape of a Surveying Act in 1853, was brought to the test of scientific exploration between 1854 and 1857, became one of the shuttlecocks of the anti-slavery struggle till 1860, and at last owed its realization to the Secession war, as a means of binding the Pacific States to the North;—describes the feverish rapidity with which the now open Omaha line was constructed, "not by a staff formed of scientific engineers—they might have shrunk from so reckless a venture—but by a few go-a-head merchants of San Francisco, who left their counting-houses to become railway contractors," at the rate of two miles a day, and sometimes more, through nearly 1,600 miles of desert, over snow-capped mountains where the whole line has to be roofed over for some thirty miles; but indicates the superior advantages of the Kansas Pacific line further South, of which over 700 miles are expected to be completed within the present year, passing as it does by easier levels through a fertile country, in which obstruction through snow is unknown; and, above all, of the Northern Pacific Railway, scarcely begun as yet, which will open up one of the most fertile and the most salubrious regions of the continent, as well as the most direct route to Northern China and Japan, and—if we do not gain a march upon it by means of a line along a still

more favourable route within the British frontiers—is expected to "seal the destiny of the British possessions west of the 91st meridian." All this is well and clearly told, nor do we grudge many illustrative details scattered throughout the body of the work,—e.g., the "town-making system" as practiced upon these lines, which have altogether to create their traffic instead of supplying its needs, and on which at first the depot towns move with the line, so that when Cheyenne rose to this dignity, the guard of "a long freight train. . . laden with frame houses, boards, furniture, palings, old tents, and all the rubbish which makes up one of these mushroom cities. . . jumped off his van, and seeing some friends on the platform, called out with a flourish, "Gentlemen, here's Julesberg!"—the last depot town, which had thus obligingly come by train to supply materials for the next.

But to most readers, the greatest interest of the work will lie in its details of the various races inhabiting the almost unknown country forming the south-west of the Union, as well as of the remains of those which have gone before. Of the existing races, the most curious beyond question is that remnant of the so-called Aztecs, i.e., of the people which the Spaniards found ruling in the Gulf of Mexico, and on the opposite Pacific coast, which lingers still, divided in five groups, within the present territory of the United States, and is reckoned to comprise some 16,000 souls in all. These people govern themselves through their own caciques; they are peaceful and industrious, excellent irrigators; their men are honest and sober, their women chaste. They live in a state of constant enmity with the wild Indians, and two of the groups at least have so complete a defensive organization, that it is said that their territories are the "only two spots in New Mexico and Arizona where you can be certain of absolute safety." Few of them appear to have been converted to more than a nominal Romanism, the great bulk of them clinging to their old heathen faith. Two, indeed, of the five groups, although otherwise retaining many of the elements of civilization, are mere hut-builders, others inhabit villages differing "but little from those of the Mexicans, except that the houses are larger and loftier;" some of them on the ruins of their old fortresses, terraced six or seven stories high. One of them, the Papagos, are, Dr. Bell states, "the finest specimens of man, physically," he has "ever seen;" out of a party of five, not one was less than 6ft. 2in. And over a vast tract of country lie the

* *New Tracks in North America: a Journal of Travel and Adventures whilst engaged in the Survey for a Southern Railroad to the Pacific Ocean during 1867-8.* By William A. Bell, M.A., M. B., Cantab., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Ethnological Societies. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 1869.

remains of a mighty empire. "There is scarcely a valley in the Rio Grande basin in which the stone or adobe foundations of villages are not to be found; there is scarcely a spring, a laguna, or a marsh upon the plateau which is not overlooked by some ruined fortress." These ruins are, indeed, in many cases demonstrably Spanish, but in other cases their similarity to existing Indian buildings, or their mere antiquity, show them to be the work of the indigenous race.

Of the wild Indians, such as the Navajos and Apaches, the writer has little good to tell. The former, "for love of plunder and rapine. . . have no equals." The latter have "never been known to show the smallest trace either of humanity or good faith." Yet he himself shows that the former, who indeed claim to be of the same stock as the town-building tribes, *had* attained at least the first step in civilization. "They had fixed abodes in their country, around which they raised crops almost rivalling those of the Pimas [civilized Indians] of the Gila; they carried one art — the weaving of blankets — to a state of perfection which, in closeness of texture and arrangement of colour, is scarcely equalled even by the laboured and costly seraphes [serapes] of Mexico and South America." Their custom, however, was that "while they left their wives and old men to plant, reap, attend to the stock, and make blankets, the braves spent their lives in traversing the whole country, carrying off the stock of the helpless Mexican farmers, and keeping the entire agricultural and mining population in a state of alarm." And civilized man has simply followed their example against themselves. "The Mexicans of one settlement would collect together, and make a raid on a marauding band of Navajos, capturing all they could, not only in stock, but in women and children." The first year of United States' occupation (1846), General Kearney advised the Governor that "full permission should be given to the citizens of New Mexico to march in independent companies against these Indians, for the purpose of making reprisals, and for the recovery of property and prisoners." And so the Navajos were "humbled" after the following fashion: —

"As soon as the harvest-time approached, the soldiers would enter their country, year after year. They say that the corn-fields were splendid, but they cut them all down, and fired the district wherever they went, driving off sheep, sometimes to the number of 70,000 in a single raid, and oxen also by thousands. When there were no crops to destroy, and no apparent enemy to be found or flocks to drive off, the military

would encamp at the different springs, and try by this means to destroy the remnant of their stock."

Thanks to this civilizing process, "plunder became to them a necessity of existence, for they had no other means of support." At last, literally starving, the great bulk of the tribe delivered themselves up, and were placed on a reservation where fuel and good water are alike wanting, where they are exposed to constant raids from another tribe, the Comanches, and, where, thinning daily by death, the survivors only plead piteously to be taken back.

The case of the Navajos is exceedingly instructive in respect to the true history of the North American Indians. We have here a contemporary instance of the final barbarizing of one of their tribes. Writers like Mr. Hepworth Dixon can build fine theories, very complacent to Anglo-Saxon practice, about the necessary decay of nomad races; nothing is easier than to pronounce the Red Indian "irreclaimable," "untameable," and as such to shove him out of the way. He may be so *now*, but in too many instances only because he has been made so. It seems highly probable that the Navajos, whom Dr. Bell describes as "bold and defiant, with full lustrous eyes, and a sharp intelligent expression of countenance," were at one time a part of the great Mexican Indian nation, sharing all its civilization; that, more warlike perhaps, or better protected by natural circumstances, they escaped subjection at the Spanish conquest, and whilst retaining the practice of agriculture and others arts of peace, continued to harry without remorse the invaders and those of their countrymen who had accepted the yoke. From this condition they became degraded through the absolute wasting of their country into mere nomad plunderers, and are now wasting away themselves, broken-hearted, with disease and vice. But if we look back into the accounts of the early settlers on the Eastern coast, we shall find them closely analogous to those of the Navajos in 1846. Strachey's *Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia* shows us in the beginning of the seventeenth century the Virginia Indians inhabiting wooden houses in the midst of gardens, cultivating maize, tobacco, peas, beans, and fruits, the women and children "continually keeping the ground with weeding," — some of them breeding up tame turkeys about their houses; tells of their "great emperor" Powhatan, with his "divers seats or howses. . . . and at every howse provision for his entertainment;" a guard of forty or fifty "of the tallest men his

country does afford" ordinarily attending him, sentinels posted every night about his house and shouting every half-hour to each other; his country divided into provinces, each with a "weroane" or commander; receiving tithe of corn, tobacco, and garden fruits, or a tax on fowls, fish, hides, copper, &c., and the government such "as that their magistrates for good commanding, and their people for due subjection and obeying, excell many places that would be counted civil." If we go back nearly a century, to the account of Ferdinando de Soto's conquest of Florida, we find here too the picture of a settled people, living in towns, cultivating the soil, preserving its products, breeding fowls, making mantles not only of skins, but of the inner bark of trees and of a grass similar to a nettle. The nearly contemporary voyage of Verazani to the North-Eastern coast shows us the practice of husbandry extending as far (according to Mr. Winter Jones's identification) as Narraganset Bay, with boat-building and the art of working in copper. All these tribes have either been exterminated already, or are the "untameables" and "irreclaimables" of the present day.

But let us see if the Apaches, who have "never been known to show the smallest trace either of humanity or good faith," may not, on Dr. Bell's own showing, have something to say on their behalf:—

"In 1862 an act of treachery was committed by the troops which brought the Indian hostilities to a climax. Mangas Coloradas who was the greatest chief in the whole country, was induced to enter a military post . . . on the plea of making a treaty and receiving presents. The soldiers, however, imprisoned him in a hut, and the sentry shot him at night, on the excuse that he feared he would escape. This act roused the whole Apache tribe to vengeance. The Miembres, Apaches, the especial band of the massacred chief, spread themselves far and near over all the country, and every white man they could find was doomed to fall by their silent arrows."

Another story is too long to be given in the

writer's words. Suffice it to say that the Apaches of the Chiricahui mountains, till the winter of 1861-2, were on good terms with the American Mail Company. But an officer named Barkett, on a complaint by some Mexicans that they suspected a boy of theirs to have been kidnapped by the Apaches, summoned the chief and the head-men to the camp. They "immediately responded to the summons," "positively denied the charge," and were thereupon ordered to be arrested. The chief escaped, the other six were secured. A man named Wallace, who had long been on friendly terms with the tribe, offered to go and treat with them. He did so, and sent back word that in his opinion the boy had not been stolen by the Apaches, but that he was detained—and surely not unnaturally—as a hostage. Barkett "swore that he would hang the Red men if the boy was not returned that night," and *did so*. Wallace was hanged in retaliation, and from that time the Apaches of the tribe became "irreclaimables." Considering the lessons of "humanity" and "good faith" which civilized man thus has given them, is it really wonderful that they should have proved such apt pupils?

The subject, however, of the Indian tribes is very far from exhausting the interest of Dr. Bell's book. In the way of exciting narrative in particular, it would not be easy to surpass the story contained in chapter xiii. of the second volume, of the "Passage of the great Cañon of the Colorado, by James White, the Prospector," a fourteen days' raft journey of some 500 and odd miles at the bottom of a frightful gorge, during which the adventurer was at one time six days, and at the last three days, without food, and after which "his feet, legs, and body were literally flayed, from exposure to drenching from water and the scorching rays of the sun; his reason was almost gone, his form stooped, and his eyes were so hollow and dreary that he looked like an old and imbecile man."

COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE PLANETS.—M. Charles Cros calls the attention of the French Academy to a means of communicating with the inhabitants of the planets. He states, the *Scientific Review* says, that this might be done by sending rays of light from parabolic reflecting mirrors to the said planets, so as to produce a set of intermittent telegraphic signals, which

would easily be understood. He endeavours to prove that such spots of light would be easily visible on Venus or Mars, and he alludes to certain bright spots on these planets which several astronomers have observed at various times, and which may be telegraphic signals that are being sent to us by the inhabitants of Venus and Mars! By all means let us reply at once!

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S HISTORICAL SKETCHES.*

THE idea of this work is rather a happy one. It consists of twelve sketches, of which each represents some typical character of the age; as, for instance, the man of the world in Chesterfield; the poet, of course, in Pope; the reformer in John Wesley; the sailor in Commodore Anson; the novelist in Richardson; the painter in Hogarth. They are not all equally well chosen. Lady Wortley Montagu is scarcely the typical woman of fashion; Bishop Berkeley was not the typical philosopher, nor Hume the typical sceptic. On the other hand, there are two or three additional portraits wanting to complete the gallery. The soldier and the man of letters would have been fitly represented by Clive and Johnson. And a typical divine of the period might, we should think, have been discovered somewhere; though, to be sure, the more typical he was the less would there be to say about him. But, on the whole, the collection has been formed with judgment; and presents us with a reflection of the social, political, literary, and religious character of the age which, if sometimes faint, is only once or twice fallacious.

That Mrs. Oliphant should discover less insight into public events than into the characters with which they are connected is what we might reasonably have anticipated. She writes from her heart rather than her head; and its instincts seldom mislead her. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say more than this by way of warning our readers that they are not to expect in these volumes anything like an adequate treatment of English history. And we think the authoress would have been wiser had she omitted the word historical from the title of the book. It is the human nature in each individual which attracts her sympathies and draws out her powers. And the truly feminine way in which she sometimes speaks of great affairs is both interesting and amusing. In writing of the last ministry of Queen Anne, for instance, she allows that they betrayed their trust and would have ruined their country, but thinks it very sad that they were so "hunted down" by their successors. This is like Mrs. George Osborne in "Vanity Fair," who, when informed of the approaching downfall of the Pope, replies, "Poor Pope—I hope not. What has he done?" We

hardly know whether the charge brought against Oxford or the charge brought against Townsend is the more diverting. But on the character of Sir Robert Walpole she has some very fine remarks. We would bestow especial praise on her contrast between the greatness of the work he did and the comparatively slight interest which posterity has taken in his life. His work was himself. Without that he was nothing. And from the same point of view she explains his tenacity of office. "He felt not only that he could do it best, but that he was better in doing it." This is very well said. Sir Robert was conscious, thinks Mrs. Oliphant, that his private life was low and bad. He felt that his work was the only elevating and ennobling part of his existence; therefore he was loth to leave it. The beauty and ingenuity of this plea are so great that we refrain from inquiring whether it is strictly true.

Faithful to her sex again is Mrs. Oliphant in her portrait of Chesterfield, whose parental affection seems to waken her tenderness more than the badness of his character affronts her virtue. She bestows on it, indeed, a variety of very strong epithets, as if to atone for the recognition of any redeeming qualities in so vile a wretch. But still the woman's sympathy with the fond, misguided, disappointed father seems more fervent than the moralist's indignation with the cool and calculating profligate. We think none the worse of Mrs. Oliphant for that. All we do think is that both her sympathy and her horror are a little exaggerated. We cannot bring ourselves to believe in that pure well of natural affection to which our authoress attributes the "letters;" nor do we think the maxims which they contain quite so black as they are painted; that is to say, they were not exceptionally black. All that Chesterfield did was to talk to his son as he would have talked to a companion of his own age. This was a gross mistake even for Chesterfield's own end. There is, moreover, something inexpressibly shocking in a companionship in vice between the young and the old; and in this case, of course, the relationship makes it worse. But whether in point of abstract morality Chesterfield was actually worse than his neighbours is, we think, doubtful. As regards his affection for the boy, we daresay he was really fond of him; but that he took an independent pleasure in the composition of these celebrated letters is absolutely certain. Chesterfield had a constructive if not a creative genius. He may be said to have constructed for himself a science of

* "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II." By Mrs. Oliphant. (London: W. Blackwood and Sons. 1869.) Republished by Littell & Gay. Price 3s.

society. To form a young man upon the maxims of this science, and to prove its soundness by experience, was just the very thing to fascinate his imagination and engage his powers. That he loved the object of all this solicitude there can be no doubt; but it was not love alone that prompted his labours.

Pope is not a lady's poet, and we are not in the least surprised to find Mrs. Oliphant writing of him in a very depreciatory tone. Here she is out of her depth. But we are surprised at her estimate of his character. The sentence "that Pope has no life, no personal existence, no thread of individual fate" is beyond criticism. All that can be done with such a statement as Mrs. Oliphant's is to contradict it and leave it. In her ridicule of Pope for asserting that his father was a gentleman and for speaking of the property at Binfield as a small estate, we cannot join; because for the first he had good grounds, if not absolutely conclusive, and in the other he has custom on his side. If Mrs. Oliphant were to cast her eye down a column of auctioneer's advertisements she would find smaller properties than a house and twenty acres of land described in the same terms. The essay is full of little titting taunts like the above, for which we were quite unprepared after the really thoughtful and discriminating essay upon Walpole. We are at a loss, indeed, to account for the marked inferiority of this chapter on Pope not only to the above but to every other in the volume. The sketch which follows it of Prince Charles Edward may be thought too enthusiastic, but the imperishable romance of his career will always be an excuse for that extreme. The characters of Queen Caroline, of Lord Chesterfield, of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, display good sense and delicacy of perception. For the absence of both which distinguishes the portrait of "the Poet" we can discover no explanation.

In her chapters upon Berkeley and Hume we are called on to admire the cleverness with which Mrs. Oliphant has contrived to achieve enough philosophy to keep her clear of any great mistakes in treating their respective systems. Berkeley, however, was not the representative philosopher of his day. "He forms a solitary—it might seem a singular—exception to what has been said of the prosaic and unmetaphysical character of this moralizing age."—"Essays and Reviews," p. 320.) Bishop Butler or Reid were more representative men. This is a mistake which the authoress might easily have avoided. Her acquiescence, or apparent acquiescence, in the

doctrine that all the Freethinkers were prodigates is perhaps more natural, though equally mistaken (*vide* "Essays and Reviews," p. 327), while her general estimate of ontology as an agent in the world (pp. 137-143), as it is the deepest, so too is it the most pardonable of all the errors she has committed. The difference between nominalism and realism is only the metaphysical expression of that one broad distinction, both in politics and theology, which has marked off mankind into two great parties ever since the revival of letters. But with this region of speculation we had no reason to expect that Mrs. Oliphant should be familiar.

The article on Hume, as a study of the man, is extremely interesting, perhaps the best in the book. The only unfavourable observation we have to make upon it relates to the title. Every atheist may be a sceptic; but assuredly every sceptic is not an atheist. Hume was an atheist, as Mrs. Oliphant herself allows; and to select him, therefore, as a representative of scepticism is an insult to a large class among whom may be found men as orthodox as Butler himself. Mrs. Oliphant writes as if she thought the word sceptic meant an unbeliever. It only means one who doubts, and who because he doubts, examines. To whichever conclusion his inquiries conduct him, he has been a sceptic in the meantime, and so was Hume. But we must classify a man according to the nature of the convictions in which they finally deposit him, and, by this rule Mrs. Oliphant has classified him wrongly. With this exception the essay is all that could be wished. The picture of Hume as a young man longing for literary leisure but goaded into active life by want of means; trying by turns commerce, pedagogism, diplomacy and thinking of a commission in the army; his life at home, in London, in Paris, and Turin; the calm contempt for mankind and the ordinary objects of ambition which he seems to have carried with him everywhere; and last, but not least, the merriment excited by his squat figure, his dumpling face, his huge mouth, vacant eyes, and broad Scotch accent, especially when all was set off by a scarlet uniform which "he wore like a grocer in the train bands," will be read with universal pleasure. The description is marked, too, by some very happy touches, such as that Hume's youth in its premature if good humoured cynicism was like "an early, calm morning without dew;" and her wonder that such a mind should have been lodged in a youth "seventeen years old, with the blood of knights

in his veins, living in an historic country full of tales and tokens of wild feudal devotion and heroism." But perhaps the most remarkable thing in the whole book is Mrs. Oliphant's suggestion that such a soul might as well be "gently extinguished on its exit from the world."

The novelist of the age is represented by Richardson, and Mrs. Oliphant of course revives the whole controversy about "Clarissa Harlowe." Having quite recently expressed our own opinion upon this subject, we need not enter again upon it now. The remaining three sketches are on John Wesley, the Reformer; Commodore Anson, the sailor; and Hogarth, the painter. The

second of these is very interesting, and well written; but Mrs. Oliphant should not have said that Commodore Anson was the only great sailor of the century before Nelson. This is unjust, if to no others, at least to Rodney and Boscawen, whose names are associated with some of our greatest naval exploits. The other two call for no particular notice, except the observation that in Hogarth Mrs. Oliphant verges on the "gushing" style more nearly than in any other sketch, except, perhaps, the Richardson, and that it is kindness to caution her against so unfortunate a propensity.

LET NO BOOK LACK AN ALPHABETICAL INDEX. — Scaliger devoted ten months to compiling an Index to Gruter's *Inscriptiones Antiquæ*; Baillet not only eulogized the Index to Antonio's *Bibliotheca*, but made an Index of 35 volumes to the books of M. De Lamoignon's Library; Le Clerc considered Index-making a vocation too high for every writer; Mattaire made Indexes, and lauds the art in a Latin thesis.

"An Index is a necessary implement, and no impediment, of a book except in the same sense wherein the carriages of an army are termed impediments. Without this, a large author is but a labyrinth, without a clue to direct the reader therein." — *Fuller's Worthies*.

"If a book has no Index or good Table of Contents, 'tis very useful to make one as you are reading it." — *Dr. Watts*.

True, but an author has no right to make me suffer for his negligence or indolence.

"I wish you would add an *Index rerum*, that when the reader recollects any incident, he may easily find it, which at present he cannot do, unless he knows in which volume it is told." — *Dr. Johnson to Richardson*.

And Richardson was sensible enough to profit by the advice.

"Books born mostly of Chaos — which want all things, even an Index — are a painful object . . . He writes big books wanting in almost every quality, and does not give even an Index to them." — *Carlyle's Frederick the Great*, vol. 1.

"The value of anything, it has been observed, is best known by the want of it. Agreeably to this idea, we, who have often experienced great inconveniences from the want of indexes, entertain the highest sense of their worth and importance. We know that in the construction of a good Index, there is far more scope for the exercise of judgment, and abilities, than is commonly supposed. We feel the merits of the compiler of such an Index, and we are even ready to tes-

tify our thankfulness for his exertions." — *London Monthly Review*.

"Those authors, whose subjects require them to be voluminous, will do well, if they would be remembered as long as possible, not to omit a duty which authors, in general, but especially modern authors, are too apt to neglect, — that of appending to their works a good Index. For their deplorable deficiencies in this respect, Professor De Morgan, speaking of historians, assigns the curious reason, 'that they think to oblige their readers to go through them from beginning to end, by making this the only way of coming at the contents of their volumes. They are much mistaken, and they might learn from their own mode of dealing with the writings of others how their own will be used in turn.' We think that the unwise indolence of authors has probably had much more to do with the matter than the reason thus humorously assigned; but the fact which he proceeds to mention is incontestably true. 'No writer (of this class) is so much read as the one who makes a good index, or so much cited.'" — *Henry Rogers; The Vanity and Glory of Literature*.

Let Lord Campbell's proposition be adopted: "So essential," remarks his Lordship, "did I consider an Index to be to every book, that I proposed to bring a Bill into Parliament to deprive an author who publishes a book without an Index of the privilege of copyright; and, moreover, to subject him, for his offence, to a pecuniary penalty." Preface to Vol. III. of Chief Justices.

S. A. A

PHILADELPHIA.

HIRAM POWERS, the well-known American Sculptor, has nearly finished an "Eve," which some connoisseurs think the best thing he has yet done.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE NEMESIS OF FLIRTATION.

It is as difficult to define flirting, as it is to give a reason for a prejudice. At the first glance it would seem to be the pastime of an advanced and cultivated race, and to be necessarily artificial; but we find it existing, flourishing as an amusement among savages who have never become acquainted with any of the other blessings of civilization. It is, however, in a refined country that flirtation is best understood in all its bearings. Courtship in barbarous lands, ending with submission or capture of the bride, is a quick process, which admits only of odd displays of the moods and temper requisite for the pursuit. Here society for many reasons encourages the exercise of emotions without requiring positive results to follow, for the great aim and end of flirtation is that nothing should come of it. And flirtation may be called an art comprehending the exercise of emotions without positive results. Like most things with an abstract intention, it fails to finish its design in a concrete manner; and while willing to admit that if pursued in primitive simplicity, nothing could be more harmless, the variations from the innocuous purpose are so constant as to render the accidents the more interesting subjects of inquiry.

Our readers must have observed the enormous increase of cases in the law courts familiarly known as cases of breach of promise. A few years ago actions of this kind were comparatively rare, and at least rare enough to attract special notice and funny leaders in the daily journals. Taking it for granted that the newspapers fairly represented public opinion on the subject, we should decide that as a rule a breach case was regarded as an excellent theme for expansive humour. The letters were commented on, the speeches of counsel, the enormous incongruity of giving money damages for blighted affections, and all the rest of it, became, in fact, the properties of the social essayist, and very dexterous and comical use he made of them. But note the change. Actions for breach have multiplied, juries mulct defendants in sums that appear almost savage, the letters are as provocative of mirth as ever, and yet it is considered bad taste and bad form to go wagging a cap and bells over the suggestive trial and dénouement. One reason for this is, that even a joke may be worn threadbare, and it is irritating to know that on a certain occurrence will arise a simultaneous giggling and cackling from wise fellows who have known better than to have experienced the follies of love. But the real cause lies

deeper than the surface. Marriage is every day becoming a more serious affair for women. All the talk, all the flatulent hyperbole, all the solid but one-sided logic of the advocates for female rights, have not assured a single reflective person that it is better for a lady to be independent of male support, than to have a husband to comfort and cherish her. It is only a sorry and a foolish oaf who would desire to bound the horizon of a woman's sphere by unnatural and narrow limits. Open sensible employments and offices to the sex with all our hearts, give them intellectual breathing space, take them out of the dull bread-and-butter atmosphere of "Mangnall's Questions" or "Pinnock's Catechism," and let them learn something of the deeds of historic men, of the poets to whom the world has hearkened for a thousand years, of the chemical and geological wonders of the universe. Improve their teachers by necessitating higher qualifications for imparting knowledge, and do not stifle them in moral hot-houses at home until their notions of right and wrong become too fragile for every-day wear; but give us not for the wives of men, and the mothers of children, politicians in petticoats, women inferior to their own natures by having strained them in aping ours, women who have lost the delicate instincts of an emotional organization by vainly endeavouring in a strife in which they are strong enough to hold their own ground, but unfit to shove and to shoulder men in the fields of purely masculine enterprise. When this is done, and in this direction we are tending, men should be all the more chivalrous and faithful to women. If it be laid down that the sphere of the family, the scheme of matronhood, as it might be called, is the first and best thing for the sex to ambition, it is only right that it should be protected, and in a certain measure assisted to that design. Hence it is, we believe, that juries, who are influenced by reasons which are rather in the air than in their heads, but which, nevertheless, do imperceptibly jog them into particular courses, hence it is that they of late have given such heavy damages in cases of breach, and with a fidelity to a belief on the lady's side of the question which now and then argues a foregone conclusion in her favour.

It is a woman's right to flirt. Coquetry may be serious or it may be gay, but no one can deny that a woman who is not allowed to declare a preference in words may reasonably show her regard for a particular male acquaintance by her manner and deportment. If these tokens of esteem are

responded to, if the gentleman appreciates the regards bestowed on him, he must of course reciprocate; and here we have the groundwork for a flirtation at once. Supposing matters to go on smoothly, it ought to be a simple affair of stages:—acquaintance (1); partiality mutual (2); flirtation (3); engagement (4); marriage (5). This, however, seldom happens. There are, we regret to write it, but the truth must be told, women who have a passion for flirting, and for nothing else. At first it is little more to them than a penchant might be for lobster salad, a thing to be desired on occasions, after the ball or at a picnic, but from frequent indulgence in varieties of the sport, it seizes upon them as a desire for drams does upon an intemperate person. They cannot subsist without the excitement of having a dangerous pet about them, a man mouse to stroke, or a man spaniel to fetch and carry. At first they are entirely innocent of a feeling other than that of mere wantonness, but after a while they learn the secret and revolting delights of cruelty. This arrives, this wicked, unwomanly sense, from a special experience. Amongst the living objects of amusement in the circle of the flirt, there turns up one who happens to entertain a serious attachment for the lady. She knows it quickly enough, and is here tried by a host of temptations, the common result of the codes of society. She has learned to distrust love. Marriage means a settlement, and a comfortable one; love, without a good establishment, means a bothering, affectionate husband, with limited possibilities of satisfying a taste for dress and amusement, a succession of children who cannot be stowed out of sight, a sinking from the level in which one drives one's carriage while single, and so on. But although my lady has no intention of marrying her admirer, that is no obstacle to having a good deal of fun out of him. He can be made jealous and to look miserable; he can be coaxed and made to look happy; he can be thrown a smile to mumble and play with; he can be made useful as a foil, or as a decoy duck to attract fowl better worth the plucking; and so he is kept on hands. Now, there are a great many men who once in their lives, at least, are capable of putting up from one woman with this sort of treatment. They discover and curse their folly at last, and do not retire into backwoods, as romancists occasionally represent, and languish for years in the midst of a sheep farm. But they carry a sharp pain with them wherever they go. They have lost belief. Their ideal of womanhood has become degraded,

not because a woman has had the bad taste to refuse their overtures, but that a woman of, to them, the most attractive qualities, has used them with a shameless and most unfeeling unconcern. And the woman herself?

She has tasted the fatal banquet and loses all palate for other food. She picks up a fresh victim when she changes her spots, and has been known to fly at a country curate after chasing very different quarry in town. And this goes on season after season, until her power begins to fade with the false light of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks. The Nemesis of flirtation at last overtakes her. She has, to use a coarse phrase, lost her market time. The men are eager now to be off, when she would have them advance. Every newspaper in which she reads the chronicle of the marriage of an acquaintance gives her a bitter pang, a keen sting. She is quite capable of weeping real tears in the character of a bridesmaid, but the tears are salted with spite that she is not the bride herself. Old dramatists said cruel things of this type of female, and even shouted them after her when she had passed out of life. Let us be more charitable. Let us believe that the decayed flirt is prepared for her closing state by a fortunate unconsciousness of its reality. So shall she hope and ogle to the last, a sad spectacle, but not at all an unusual one. But flirtation affects other woman in a different manner. Women of strong romantic temperaments are perpetually thinking themselves in love. They have a series of heroes on whom they expend their emotions, and wish for an interchange which frightens them when it comes. Of real love they are incapable, of love, that is, demanding sacrifice, honourable submission, loyalty, and supreme faith. At best, if they had not spoiled their faculties by drugging them with stimulants, they might have settled into mothers with a turn for the nursery, and perhaps exhibit the accomplishment of keeping the ante-nuptial glamour over the eyes of their husbands, but flirting destroys their domestic prospects. Should they drop it at the church door they cannot shake off the memories so easily. And when vexed afterwards at a trifle, these creatures will mope in secret over the image of some man they never sincerely cared a button for, but who happens to have cut a figure in the series above mentioned. It is these puling, nonsensical wives that sometimes drive men out of their wits, helpless and tortured, while the whimpering and the nagging proceeds with a desolate unity of intention.

The Blanche Amory class of flirt is not

extinct, although albums of the Mes Larmes kind are out of fashion. Blanche was a flirt constitutionally. You remember the awful disclosures of the wolf in masquerade before he proceeded to gobble up Red Ridinghood! His dimensions and capacities were established seriatim, for the more convenient and complete consumption of his prey. So is it with the Blanche Amorys around us—the syrens against whose charms you had better at once stuff your ears—aye, and blindfold your eye-balls. The great satirist seems to me to have become so enraged at the abominable store of mischief laid up in the pretty casket so innocently and softly named, that before he was done with Miss Amory he lost temper with her, and just gave her a cut of his whip over the white shoulders. What a hypocrite, liar, glutton, and shrew! Well, this is only my translation of the text; but I declare it ought to be plainly interpreted for the benefit of the Miss Amorys who exist outside books. They it is who scandalize their sex. They are limp, treacherous and indefinite in their style, not fast but sly, sly to a degree which might be characterized by the famous Bagstockian epithet. Save us from them at all risks of celibacy! I should like to hope that Blanche Amory married a poor man in the end, who had not a particle of soul, and could only afford beer, pickles, and cold mutton on his board. The white beauty wanes or develops into a stout, cross woman, with tawny hair. She is careless in her dress and slatternly; perhaps she resorts to eau de Cologne for comfort, and wanders from the strong waters of Cologne to the cream gin of the valley. Then—but the picture is distasteful. Thackeray did so serve a flirt upon canvas. Becky Sharpe, who hides a bottle under her counterpane, and falls amongst thieves and all sorts of bad company, when she has had her short run of triumph. And yet, of the two women, I should prefer Miss Sharpe to Miss Amory, and I am sorry that poetical justice dealt so hardly with the former. Miss Sharpe has a better claim to be called a syren or a mermaid; for if you look closely, Blanche dissolves into, not a mermaid, but a jelly fish. Literature presents us with innumerable specimens of the sort of women under notice. How indeed could the story-tellers or the poets get on without them? There is a recent taste set in for female ogresses. It is not Bluebeard who is cruel to flesh and blood, but sister Ann, who comes in for a reversion of the castle, and stuffs its secret chambers with captives of her bow and spear. Strange, too, it is that men are found who love these basilisk furies and

come to their feet. There is a Nemesis also for these women:—

“Between the nightfall and the dawn, three-score;

Threescore between the dawn and evening;
The shuddering in thy lips, the shuddering

In thy sad eyelids, tremulous like fire;
Makes love seem shameful, and a wretched thing.”

But come we now to the male flirts. The male flirt is pretty equally distributed through various ranks in the social scale, but the higher atmospheres are best suited for his complete development. He is of course a squire of dames, but his object is to single a few from the herd roaming through his ordinary hunting-grounds. He does not care to meet his match, nor does his match care to meet him. The precious pair soon discover that they might as well drop their foils when they neither hit nor disarm each other. Our man flirt, however, does not want for recreation. The country supplies him at the start of every season. It is his agreeable, self-imposed duty to attach himself to a young girl as much as possible, and imply that he is madly fond of her. The elegant fellow does it with his tongue in his cheek all the time. He never commits himself, to use a favourite phrase. That is, he has never the courage of his intention when his intention is bad, and he is equally brave when his inclinations are good. If women only knew the utter worthlessness of some of the nincompoops they occasionally favour! I have seen a male flirt—his soft brain rendered softer by the use of wine—pull out your tender, and indeed harmless, note, Miss Laura, for the criticism of a circle of mean snobs, of his own quality, in a club smoking-room. The pleasant dandies are bartering confidences and testimonials you perceive, and are so far honest as to keep back nothing. Well, these fellows are vulgar exceptions if you will, but let me warn ladies addicted even to “harmless flirtations,” against trusting MS. with a common “yours sincerely,” to the end of it, to male friends. This advice augurs badly for *my* male acquaintances, does it? Not at all, miss, I assure you. I have known the most honourable man in the world thoughtlessly leave an ordinary note of thanks for the loan of a book on his shelf, and a miserable sequel to follow. And this is a trap of the male flirt's. To establish an intimacy with just a whiff of impropriety about it, is what he desires of all things. What a grand triumph it is for him to win a girl's heart,—to see the love for him growing in her face day by day, to baulk it now, to challenge its symp-

toms again, to discover its shrinking sensitiveness, to subject it to sudden chills, warmth, and fickle returns, until the pure feeling has died, and lies cold as a corpse and heavy as a stone at the soul's gate of the woman for the rest of her life. A noble success and victory this, is it not? And even without risk—for the male flirt never goes beyond the *convenances*; never, if one may be permitted, attempts absolute seduction. No, he is a much superior artist; and his prosperity carries its own reward with it. Women like him the better for his cruelty.

To return to the breach of promise cases. The male flirt is now and again brought to book in court. The mean blackguard is shown up in true colours. He is shaken and tost until his figure is as loose and ragged as that of a scarecrow. He is by the publishing of the trial hung out in the open fields as a warning and a caution, as a scarecrow; but, Lord bless you, if not mar-

ried before, he is a greater favourite than ever. Until women have amongst themselves settled that jilting a woman is a cowardly thing which unfits the perpetrator for decent intercourse, the male flirt will always find employment for his talents. That women do not regard the matter in this light, is evident. But the male flirt does not always escape. He is never kicked in these degenerate times, but I have known him either to catch a tartar, to bring a dove home with him, and find it casting its plumage, altering its beak, assuming claws, and turning out a fierce fowl to peck; or fate attends him by lopping off his acquaintances, and leaving him utterly friendless and desolate in his old age. He is not difficult to please *then*, and perhaps exalts a cook to his table, who soon takes the whip-hand of the dotard, and stands guarding his door like a harpy, against the approach of those who retain the slightest commiseration for his state.

SCANDINAVIANS are beginning to settle in Alabama and Mississippi. A Danish agent informs the *Mobile Tribune* that he has been instrumental in settling eighty families in the neighbourhood of Okolona, Miss., and he is confident that in the next ten years he will be able to introduce twenty thousand Scandinavian families into the two states. At Okolona a company has been formed for the purpose of promoting immigration, and already some fifteen hundred acres of land have been placed at the disposal of the company by the planters in the neighbourhood. The land will be sold at a reasonable price to immigrants who have capital sufficient to begin farming independently.

the regularity of the stones, and seemed to run at right angles to each other. Some of the stones, it is added, had evidently been cut into squares with hard tools, although their original forms were scarcely perceptible. That the people of this long-lost city had attained a considerable degree of civilization is further evidenced by the remains of ancient salt-works in the vicinity. Many traders have noticed similar ruins in other sections of the country between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada chain.

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES IN AMERICA.—A party of explorers in the district to the south and south-west of the Mormon settlement, at Salt Lake, report the discovery of the remains of an ancient city now almost buried in the sand of the desert. The ruins consist of a collection of rocks, mounds, and pillars, covering several acres in extent. Remnants of what had once been arches, with keystones, are still perfect. There also remain a number of small stone pillars, constructed with a peculiar kind of red mortar or cement, set upright about 20ft. apart, as if they had been used to support an aqueduct from a large stream half a mile distant. In some places, the report states, the lines of streets were made distinctly visible by

GOETHE'S HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.—A letter from Goethe, dated 1797, was found the other day in the firm of the publisher Vieweg in Braunschweig. It is addressed to the gentleman who was head of the firm at the time, and runs as follows: "I send you a manuscript in a sealed cover. If Herr Vieweg will not pay 200 Friedrichs d'or for it, he will have the goodness to return the packet without unsealing it." The cautious publisher, it seems, took some days to consider the course he ought to pursue. At last, on the principle that "nothing venture nothing win," he broke the seal. The enclosure turned out to be no less a work than the poem "Hermann and Dorothea," one of the most charming and artistically complete that Goethe ever wrote. Herr Vieweg had certainly no reason to complain that he paid more for the manuscript than it was worth. *Globe.*

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE CONQUEST OF THE NILE BASIN.

THERE is something singularly attractive, and yet provocative of melancholy thought, in the description which travellers give us of the first aspect of regions absolutely new to the explorer—the exuberant beauties of nature as yet untouched by man, or only touched by men too weak and too few to spoil them. Such is the picture drawn by Dr. Livingstone in a few striking words of the shores of that solitary lake which he reached several degrees south of Nyanza, and which he believes to receive and discharge again the waters of the infant Nile.

On the 2nd of April, 1867, I discovered Lake Liemba; it lies in a hollow, with precipitous sides 2,000 feet down; it is extremely beautiful, sides, top, and bottom being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes, feed on the steep slopes, while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the waters. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all their own way. It is as perfect a natural paradise as Xenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands, men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish; the villagers ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the West Coast of Africa. Four considerable streams flow into Liemba, and a number of brooks, Scottice trout-burns, leap down the steep bright red clay schist rocks, and form splendid cascades, that made the dullest of my attendants pause and remark with wonder.

Such is Liemba now: what will it be a few years hence, when the road which Livingstone has pioneered has been made plain to the inroads of our restless white race? The noble animals now swarming in that magnificent preserve will have been exterminated; they will have fallen victims, not to the necessities of hunger or the purposes of trade, but to what we call the "instincts of the sportsman." Their unused carcasses will cumber the earth, their size and numbers will be registered in the game-books of future Gordon Cummings. As for the natives, now leading an idyllic life in their "palm-embowered villages," it is not so easy to predict their destiny. The worst that can befall them is short and sharp extinction at the hands of some more powerful race. "Annexation" to the dominion of Egypt, under the auspices of Sir Samuel Baker and his steam-conveyed army of black conquerors is the alternative now proposed, and it is one not to be contemplated with mere philosophical indifference.

We very much doubt whether, when this distinguished explorer started with his present roving commission to subdue Central

Africa for the benefit of the Khedive, people in general were at all aware of the real scope of the expedition which was announced with such a flourish of philanthropic trumpets. The object declared in this country was that of putting down the internal slave trade—that slave trade of which the Nile is the channel of communication, and which now supplies Egypt and the Levant generally with an annual tribute of victims. This was to be effected by a kind of homeopathic treatment, using Egyptians, trained soldiers of the Pasha, to disconcert the schemes and break up the establishments of their brother Egyptians, the slave dealers. So far so good, and Exeter Hall was doubtless charmed to hear of an Oriental potentate so liberal minded, and an English traveller so high spirited and adventurous, combining their energies to effect so praiseworthy an object. But it now turns out that there was a far different purpose—or rather two widely different purposes—at the bottom of the scheme. This is how Sir Samuel Baker himself describes it in a "private" letter of so recent a date as the 22nd of last month, which has made its way into the newspapers:—

The main objects of our enterprise are, after crushing the slave trade:—1. To annex to Egypt the equatorial Nile Basin. 2. To establish a powerful government throughout all the tribes now warring with each other. 3. To introduce the cultivation of cotton on an extensive scale, so that the natives will have a valuable production to exchange for Manchester goods, &c. 4. To open to navigation the two great lakes of the Nile. 5. To establish a chain of trading stations throughout the countries to be annexed, so as to communicate with the northern base from the most distant point south, on the system adopted by the Hudson's Company. . . . Every tribe will be compelled to cultivate a certain amount of corn and cotton in proportion to the population. No wars will be permitted. Each chief will be held responsible for the acts of his tribe. Tribute will be exacted in labour to be performed in opening out roads on the same principle as the road tax in Ceylon. To carry out these plans I have absolute power conferred by the Viceroy.

It appears that his force, 1,700 Egyptian soldiers, with twelve months' supplies, has already reached Khartoum.

The flotilla (sent up the Nile two months ago, which I hear has successfully ascended the cataracts) comprises six steamers of 40-horse power each, and thirty large sailing vessels. . . . I received from the Viceroy, together with absolute power, *carte blanche* for all the expenses of the expedition. . . . I have the greatest hopes of effecting a vast improvement among

the tribes by the suppression of the slave trade, and by the introduction of agricultural and commercial enterprise. I have large quantities of seeds of all kinds that will be adapted to the climate and soil of Central Africa, and these will confer a great blessing on the country. If I free the tribes from slavery I shall insist upon their working for themselves; they will then desire to change their surplus produce for our manufactures.

We have, therefore, lent the prestige of our name, and an amount of mechanical assistance (though paid for), which will infallibly induce all other nations to set down the undertaking as one of our own, veiled only under pretexts too common to impose on any one, in order "to annex to Egypt the equatorial Nile Basin." To be annexed to Egypt may or may not be a blessing, according as Egypt may behave to its new provinces; but in order to be annexed, these countries must first be conquered; does any one realize the meaning of the "conquest" of feeble ill-armed negro tribes by a half-civilized army? When conquered and annexed, "tribute will be exacted from them in labour to be performed in opening out roads." Would any one like to know the real character of Egyptian road labour? Here it is, as described in a recent letter by a correspondent of the *Daily News* :—

There are five or six hundred people scooping out mud and earth with their hands, filling baskets and carrying them on their heads . . . then large canvas sacks are filled and planted as a foundation by naked men who stand up to their middle in water. Then another file of men and children step up and empty more baskets in the strata of sacks, and so on till the injured road is level with the rest. The beating was not severe, but it never ceased. The stick sometimes fell on the empty basket on the back, and often on the loose folds of the skirt, and so loosely as not to hurt, but it was used regularly, and seemed, indeed, an integral item in the discipline. *It was all free labour.* Those engaged on it are paid; but the taskmasters or gangers had a certain duty to perform, and they went through it so unflinchingly that the tears and lamentations never ceased.

This is the case in the neighborhood of Cairo. What will it be in that of Gondokoro? But this is only the beginning of tribulations. In the next place, they are to be

"compelled to cultivate a certain quantity of corn and cotton." "If" Sir Samuel succeeds in freeing the tribes from slavery, he will then "insist on their working for themselves." Has any ingenious person yet solved the problem how uncivilized men, or any men, are to be "compelled to cultivate" by any method except the venerable one of slavery? and is Sir Samuel Baker imitating the exquisite delicacy of language with which the framers of the American Constitution avoided the term "slavery" altogether, and spoke of "persons held to service?" We have no quarrel with Sir Samuel Baker. We admire his quiet courage, his fund of "resource," his insight into the ways of savage men, and power of awing and commanding them, and we do not doubt the genuineness of the desire which he feels to put down that internal slave trade of which he has witnessed the demoralizing effects. And the sovereign, or quasi-sovereign, who has just inaugurated the opening of the Suez Canal, has shown abundantly his power to appreciate, and to aid in, the great work of civilization. But the most powerful sovereigns and the most energetic commanders can only work through their agents. To suppose that, with no other instruments but Egyptian soldiers and officers, Sir Samuel Baker can annex a large slice of a continent and make its inhabitants grow cotton without an amount of violence and bloodshed which no theoretical goodness of purpose can possibly justify, requires an extreme of confidence which we are far from possessing. But, besides all this, the final end—the *raison d'être*—of the expedition, as far as we its English abettors are concerned, is only too plainly expressed. The newly-conquered Egyptians are to be compelled "to grow cotton." Supply is wanted for the Lancashire market. It is the old story under a new disguise. Our manufacturers (or, we are happy to believe, a section of them only) cannot be brought to wait for the fair expansion of free trade, the development of free industry. Men must be forced to work for them, under one mitigating phrase or another, all the world over. There is certainly a taste of Liverpool about the scheme; a strong flavour of the "South-eastern Association."